

THE 840K.1  
HISTORY

OF

Henry the Fifth.

AND THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MUSTAPHA.

Son of *SOLTMAN* the Magnificent.

As they were Acted at his Highness the Duke of York's  
THEATER.

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Written by *Boyle (Roger)*

The Right Honourable the Earl of ORRERY.

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LONDON,

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Boyle  
18







# The Persons.

King *Henry* the Fifth.  
Duke of *Bedford*, his Brother.  
Duke of *Exeter*, his Uncle.  
Earl of *Warwick*.  
Bishop of *Canterbury*.  
*Owen Tudor* the King's Favourite.

The *Dauphin*.  
Duke of *Burgundy*.  
Earl of *Chareloys*, his Son.  
Constable of *France*.  
*De Chastel*, the *Dauphin's* Creature.  
Bishop of *Arras*.  
Count of *Blamount*.  
Monsieur *Colemore*.  
Queen of *France*.  
Princess *Katherine*, her Daughter.  
Princess *Anne* of *Burgundy*.  
The Countess of *La Marr*.  
French Ladies.  
Heralds.  
Guards.

Mr. *Harris*.  
Mr. *Underhill*.  
Mr. *Cogan*.  
Mr. *Aingel*.  
Mr. *Lylinston*.  
Mr. *Betterton*.  
Mr. *Young*.  
Mr. *Smith*.  
Mr. *Cadiman*.  
Mr. *James Noke*.  
Mr. *Norris*.  
Mr. *Samford*.  
Mr. *Medborne*.  
Mr. *Floyd*.  
Mrs. *Long*.  
Mrs. *Betterton*.  
Mrs. *Davis*.  
Mrs. *Norris*.

**HENRY**



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King Henry the Fifth.	Mr. Harris.
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Duke of Exeter, his Uncle.	Mr. Cogan.
Earl of Warwick.	Mr. Kingsley.
Bishop of Canterbury.	Mr. Tylston.
Queen Tudor the King's Favourite.	Mr. Batten.
The Dauphin.	Mr. Young.
Duke of Burgundy.	Mr. Smith.
Earl of Charolais, his Son.	Mr. Cadman.
Constable of France.	Mr. James Noble.
De Chastel, the Dauphin's Creature.	Mr. Norris.
Bishop of Amiens.	Mr. Sanford.
Count of Blois.	Mr. Ashborne.
Montfort, Governor.	Mr. Tild.
Queen of France.	Mr. Long.
Princess Katherine, her Daughter.	Mrs. Batten.
Princess Anne of Burgundy.	Mrs. Davis.
The Countess of La Marche.	Mr. Norris.
French Ladies.	
Heralds.	
Couriers.	

HENRY



# Henry the Fifth.

## THE FIRST ACT.

*Enter King Henry the 5<sup>th</sup>, the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of Bedford, and Owen Tudor, with their Attendants.*

*King.* **T**His is the day in which our Valour must  
Prove to the *French*, our claim to *France* is just;  
Since 'twill no other way be understood,  
It must be writ in Characters of blood.  
By injuries they us to Battel call;

Denying us our part, they forfeit all:

'Tis fit in number they should us exceed;  
That odds the *French* against the *English* need;  
That odds which both obliges them and me,  
Brings them to Fight, and us to Victory.

*Exeter.* Heav'n left us purposely but few for fight,  
To shew the world, by your success, your right.

*Bedford.* They seem t'acknowledge Heav'n is not their Friend,  
Since on their boasted numbers they depend;  
Which when their cause is reckon'd, we should prize,  
As Heav'n accounts them, for a Sacrifice.

*Enter Earl of Warwick.*

*Exeter.* The Earl of *Warwick* in his looks does bring  
Some News of high importance to the King.

*Warm.* Arm! Arm! Great Sir, the Foe is in our view,  
And has a Herauld sent to challenge you.

*King.* Tell him, I in this Field possess all *France*,  
From which I'll ne'er retire, but may advance.  
In vain they threaten War, or promise Peace,  
They boast their numbers, which we wish not less;  
They are enow both to destroy and save;  
But were they more, they here might find a Grave.  
Take care the Herauld so rewarded be,  
That he may know his Message pleases me.  
Under their Standards, as I order'd you,  
Are all my Troops fixt in the form I drew?

*Warm.* They are, and like one face, all looks agree,  
Resolving and fore-telling Victory.

*King.* Who e're a room to other thoughts affords,  
Injures our Quarrel, and mistakes our Swords.



*Warw.* How short a time and narrow space of ground  
Is't 'twixt your Conquest, and your being Crown'd ?

*King.* To make both shorter, I will straight advance,  
And by two Titles wear the Crown of *France*.  
Uncle, to your command with speed repair ;  
The right wing, Brother, does expect your care ;  
Both to the field of Battel lead the way,  
Whilst but a moment I with *Tudor* stay.

*Exeunt* Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.

Oh my best Friend ! thy sadness I must blame, [ *Tudor* appears.  
Canst thou now think on any thing but Fame ?

*Tudor.* When I reflect how many dangers still  
You must attempt, how many more you will-----

*King.* Reflect on dangers which must glory win.

*Tudor.* Excuse me, if my duty makes me sin :  
Since I no other way can grateful prove,  
I'll rather shew my fear, then hide my love.

*King.* That I to thee may proofs of mine dispence,  
I now stay here, though glory calls me hence :  
When Fame, when Life, and Empire are at stake,  
All thoughts of those for thee I can forsake ;  
Banish thy grief by thinking on that praise,  
Which shall thy name so high in Battel raise,  
That all my future favours men may say,  
Are not what I bestow, but what I pay.

*Tudor.* What you have said and done brings me relief ;  
This day I will deserve your love or grief.

*King.* Speak not of grief, but think on that applause  
Which Heav'n doth still allow the juster cause.

*Tudor.* Why should he be by too much courage lost,  
Of whom alone this world has cause to boast ? [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Dauphin, and De Chastel.

*Dauph.* Let me despise what I can ne'er obtain :  
I'll live retir'd since I'm deny'd to reign.  
My Mother, having got the Regency,  
Does either hate, or is afraid of me ;  
But I perceive by my retirement here,  
I shun her malice, and suppress her fear ;  
I shall (if I to *Paris* now return)  
Her hatred feel, or which is worse, her scorn.

*De Chast.* But shall our *Dauphin*, the undoubted Heir,  
Sit idly peaceful in an active War,  
And let his Enemy the Throne ascend ?

*Dauph.* He who my wrongs revenges, is my Friend.  
*De Chastel*, you have often heard me plead,  
That in this War I might the Army lead ;



On me so high a trust she'll not bestow,  
 And any other trust I think too low:  
 A Prince whose Soul as well as Birth is great;  
 If he in glory cannot shine, should set:  
 From Courts I am condemn'd to Villages,  
 From noble toys of War t'ignoble ease;  
 Where undisturb'd I'll for her hatred grieve,  
 And honour makes me rather chuse to live  
 Equal with men not worth the Governing  
 Then be at Court and there not be a King.

*De Chast.* Though I confess her usage, Sir, has been  
 Such as not fits a Mother or a Queen;  
 Yet, Sir, consider whilst from her you flye,  
 You more exalt the Duke of *Burgundy*.

*Dauph.* That fatal name my fury doth advance:  
 'Twas he who Murth'ed Royal *Orleance*;  
 And, though the Queen recover my esteem,  
 No Palace can have space for me and him.

*De Chast.* Return the sooner to revenge that blood.  
 No man has well his interest understood,  
 Who to enjoy it scrupl'd at the way:  
 He who builds high must low foundations lay.  
 I by the Queen for your return am sent,  
 Her harsh behaviour she does now repent:  
 By kind submissions you may rule her heart,  
 And what's deny'd by kindness, gain by Art;  
 With small compliance you'll suppress her hate,  
 When Nature's judge, and Duty advocate.  
 Your absence, Sir, has cast your party down:  
 Few follow those on whom the Prince does frown.

*Dauph.* Thou in all storms hast been my constant Friend,  
 I'll on thy wisdom and thy care depend;  
 'Tis just I should to thy advice submit,  
 For he who makes my fate, should govern it.

*De Chast.* With this glad news I will out-ride the Post,  
 And e're you come to Court, I'll clear the Coast. [Exeunt.]

*Enter the Queen of France, Princess Katharine, Princess Anne of  
 Burgundy, Duke of Burgundy, and their Train.*

*Queen.* This is the day *Alanson* sent us word,  
 He would our Fate determine by the Sword:  
 Which he has hastned, hearing by his Spies  
 The Plague had so impair'd our Enemies,  
 That more delay would make our Princes dream  
 They should not come to kill, but bury them;  
 And *France* would be oblig'd for her defence,  
 Not to their Swords, but to that Pestilence.

*Burgun.*



*Burgun.* Since from th' Eternal Pow'r that rod is sent,  
 Why from his hand take we the punishment?  
 And this insulting, Madam, makes me fear  
 Our ruine rather then our triumph near:  
 Those *English* Swords on which he sets no price,  
 Lately cut down our *Flower de Lucas* twice;  
 And to King *Edward's* Piety we owe  
 The miracle that now again they grow.

*Queen.* France justly might the *English* Valour dread,  
 Were it again by that Great Monarch led;  
 We fear him less who now that Crown does wear,  
 His wildness, not his courage, brings him here.

*Burgun.* Whilst his prodigious Father was alive,  
 Some youthful signs of wildness he did give;  
 But when he early on his Throne was plac'd,  
 A Kingly Soul his Royal Title grac'd;  
 And then whatever mis-becoming thing  
 Liv'd in the Prince, was buried in the King;  
 Nought should in us low thoughts of him perswade,  
 Who does himself subdue, and France invade.

*Enter a French Lady.*

*Lady.* The Count of *Blamont* from the Camp with news  
 Does wait without, and for admittance sues.

*Queen.* *Blamont* so soon return'd? let him appear.  
 Ill news is swifter then the wings of fear.

His looks to me a sad account have given.

*Enter Bla-  
 mount.*

Where is *Alanson*?

*Blam.* Madam, he's in Heav'n:

That glory cannot be to him deny'd,

Who for his Country liv'd, and for it dy'd.

*Queen.* The brave *Alanson* Dead! by what mischance?

*Blam.* By the most signal that e're fell on France.

*Queen.* Without disguise the naked truth declare,  
 Before my grief be turn'd into despair!

*Blam.* Last night both Camps so near each other lay,  
 As we not more for triumph long'd then day;

The mighty *Martel* led not braver men,

When he at *Tours* subdu'd the *Syracens*,

And with the blood wash'd France, then did resort

To the unhappy fields of *Agen-Court*;

Where many then with joyful shouts did greet

The rising Sun, who ne're should see him set:

A while both Armies on each other gaz'd,

Both at th' intended slaughter seem amaz'd.

*Queen.* Could those who oft have bloody Battels won,  
 Stand long amaz'd at ills which must be done?

*Blam.* Wars chearful Musick now fills every Ear,  
 Whilst death more gaudy did then life appear.

For



For various Ensigns did unfold such Pride,  
 That all seem'd Bridegrooms there, and Death the Bride ;  
 The noble order in each Squadron seen ;  
 The many Warriours of a haughty meen ;  
 The prouder horses chafing to be rid,  
 Who breath'd the Combat as their Riders did ;  
 Made all confess that War gave Death a grace,  
 And has its charms as well as beauty has.  
 After a little pause they both advance,  
 One to preserve, th' other to conquer *France* :  
 Those who did proudly think the Foe would yield,  
 Saw him draw up with order in the Field ;  
 And by a King advanc'd, whose hand and head,  
 All the defects supply'd of those he lead.

*Queen.* How ! did young *Henry* dare to meet you then ?  
 We heard diseases had consum'd his men.

*Blam.* The courages of all the *English* dead,  
 Were to those few then living newly fled :  
 So thin, so harraßt all his Squadrons were,  
 As we did pity them we us'd to fear ;  
 For it is equally as strange to say,  
 That they durst fight, as that they won the day :  
 But Fame can want no theam when she does sing  
 Of English Swords led by an English King ;  
 Nor was he only in the Battel known  
 By his bright Armour, which like lightning shone ;  
 But did with nobler marks his Valour grace,  
 Still being seen where foremost danger was.  
*Alanson*, who observ'd this wondrous King,  
 Courage to his, and fear to ours did bring ;  
 Made fighting single with him his high aim,  
 And in a Battel to a Duel came.

*Queen.* By an attempt so noble and sublime,  
 He thow'd as much as I believ'd of him.

*Blam.* Both Nations at a sight so great and rare,  
 Their bloody Swords suspended in the Air,  
 And by a general silence made it known,  
 They in their Leaders fate would see their own :  
 But though *Alanson* did stupendious things,  
 A Subjects Sword could not resist a Kings ;  
 Angels are Guardians of that Sacred name.

*Burgun.* Yet by his death he got a deathless fame.

*Blam.* That loss invaded all to that degree,  
 As we more fought for Death then Victory ;  
 For many Worthies waited on his fall,  
 The Constable of *France*, the Admiral,  
 The Duke of *Brabant*, and the Duke of *Bar* ;  
 Promiscuous killing now disgrac'd the War :



So glutt'd was the thirsty Victors Sword,  
 As now the spacious world cannot afford,  
 After so many *Heroes* drown'd in gore,  
 Unless of *English*, one brave Worthy more.

*Queen.* That Nation still too highly you esteem.

*Burg.* Our selves we best excuse in praising them.

*Blam.* Now only horror, death, confusion reigns,  
 And covers *Agon-Courts* unhappy plains;  
 Here Corpses lye, where Squadrons lately stood;  
 Standards and Ensigns there lye roll'd in blood;  
 Here woods of Lances o're the Fields are spread,  
 And dying men lye groaning o're the dead.

*Queen.* If truth consents to what you now relate,  
 From this black day *France* may her ruine date.

*Blam.* This is not all the destiny of *France*;  
 The Dukes of *Bourbon* and of *Orleanse*,  
 The Lords of *Domcourt*, *Humiere*, *Harcourt*, *Salt-*  
*Roy*, *Fauconbridge*, *Noel*, and *Beaufignault*,  
 And many more of signal worth and race,  
 The Conquerours Triumphal Chariot grace.  
 But *Bondile*, who this day first turn'd his back,  
 In hopes to wash away a stain so black,  
 Assaulted with a loud and furious cry  
 Th'unguarded baggage of the Enemy.  
 The King suppos'd new Troops had took the field,  
 And order'd straight all Pris'ners to be kill'd:  
 What *Bondile* thus at first and last did do,  
 Made *Henry* happy, and yet cruel too;  
 But 'twas a cruelty our selves did cause,  
 And which his judgement took from safeties laws;  
 For shameful was our Fate, the Pris'ners there  
 Surpass'd in number those who Victors were.

*Queen.* Could nothing, less then this, Heav'n's wrath abate?  
 It made us Agents to our own dire Fate.

*Burg.* The Destinies were never so severe,  
 The fault, as well as loss, they make us bear.  
 And by so strange a ruine make us know,  
 This Empire to one field her fall may owe.  
 Were those Renown'd Commanders now alive,  
 They might the Fortune of lost *France* revive,  
 And by their Swords restore her dying Fame.

*Blam.* All those are living which I last did name:  
 The King did rather hazard again'd field,  
 Then suffer Chiefs so noble to be kill'd;  
 And but with half his Army did advance,  
 Twice in one day, to act the Fate of *France*,  
 Leaving the rest to guard them where they stood.

*Burgun.* His Valour sheds, his Mercy spares our blood.

*Blam.*



*Blam.* Young *Tudor*, Madam, much renown'd you know;  
 To whom all *France* her gratitude does owe;  
 For he, when all did dangers face decline,  
 Met it to serve the Princess *Katherine*;  
 He 'gainst my will this hated life did save,  
 And when he heard those orders *Henry* gave,  
 Fearing their rigour might extend to me,  
 Above my hope, or wish, did set me free;  
 He told me as we parted that he knew,  
 I had the honour to belong to you.

*Bowing to Princess Katherine.*

*Queen.* 'Tis Heav'n has stricken us; and when we know  
 That hand, who dares want patience for the blow?  
 My Lord, 'tis needful I resolve with speed  
 Who shall the fatal Constable succeed.

*Burg.* And counsel needful is how far 'tis fit,  
 After defeat to struggle or submit.

*Queen.* Assemble strait. Heav'n does occasion give  
 Of Mourning, yet allows no time to grieve.

*Exeunt Queen, Burgundy, Blamont, Lady.*

*Prin. An.* Madam, methought when *Tudor's* name you heard,  
 A new Vermilion in your face appear'd;  
 That word did raise a trouble there as great,  
 As you discover'd hearing our defeat:  
 Though these are signs that Love does for him sue,  
 Yet to our friendship there is so much due,  
 That from my height of faith I'll not descend,  
 I'll rather blame my eyes then doubt my Friend,  
 And think I saw not that which I did see,  
 Rather then fear you hide your self from me.

*Prin. Kat.* Ah, how this soft concernment shews you just!  
 For what can be too precious for your trust?  
 I must confess I blush'd when he was nam'd,  
 But it was scorn, not love, my face inflam'd,  
 That any but a King, and Crown'd with Bayes,  
 Presum'd so high as me his thoughts to raise;  
 That secret now shall be to you reveal'd,  
 Which only through your absence was conceal'd:  
 With so much grief I did your absence mourn,  
 When to your Fathers Court you did return,  
 That the same day I to *St. Germain* went  
 To give in that retreat my sorrows vent;  
 A storm o're-took us as we thither past,  
 Rain made the rising Flood to swell so fast,  
 That of the bridge it did the mastery get,  
 An Arch was born away, and we with it.

*Prin. An.* Madam, I heard that ev'n that sad mischance  
 Did frighten you, less then it frightened *France*.

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*Prin. An.* Madam, I heard that ev'n that sad mischance  
 Did frighten you, less then it frighted *France*.

*Prin. Kath.*



*Prin. Kath. Tudor*, whom fortune led that way, descry'd  
 What many more with vain compassion spy'd ;  
 They at the horror of my danger wept,  
 He from the bridge into the River leapt,  
 And stemm'd the raging Current, till he bore  
 My breathless body to the neighbouring shore ;  
 Him to the Court this timely service brought,  
 In whom so many Charms concurring wrought,  
 As I can scarce without some blushes owne,  
 That I did grieve he sat not on a Throne ;  
 For to a Princess, who like me would do,  
 He who a Throne does want, wants all things too.

*Prin. An.* Ah Madam ! Love, if it be strong and true,  
 Levels the pow'rful down to those that sue ;  
 And, when by inclination we are steer'd,  
 Only what that does speak is fully heard.

*Prin. Kath. Tudor* soon chang'd his chearful brow at Court ;  
 To unfrequented Groves he did resort ;  
 Whilst others did rejoyce, he sighing mourn'd,  
 And all his freedom into bondage turn'd :  
 This new distemper to a habit grew,  
 His mirth was ever feign'd, his sorrows true :  
 The cause of this when I desir'd to know,  
 He made no answer, but did sigh and bow ;  
 By no reply he would his silence break.

*Prin. An.* In such a silence he did more then speak.

*Prin. Kath.* Ah ! so he did ; but yet I must confess  
 I knew not Love could speak, yet hold its peace :  
 I urg'd to be inform'd ; he sigh'd and then  
 Look'd often on me, and look'd down agen ;  
 Then said, you force me, Madam, to a strait  
 To dis-obey you, or deserve your hate :  
 One of these evils does engage me now ;  
 Silence the first, speaking the last will do ;  
 But I implore you will not think it fit  
 To force me unto speech, then punish it.

*Prin. An.* Against your justice, Madam, 'twas a crime  
 To punish what you did constrain from him.

*Prin. Kath.* Then he his passion for me did declare  
 With words and gestures, which so mournful were,  
 As strait I did, by my experience, prove,  
 That pity was no way to bring in Love :  
 A hundred things he said, but I was so  
 Offended with my self, and with him too ;  
 First, that his words I had constrain'd from him,  
 Then that he could be guilty of that crime ;  
 As I forgot ev'n all he did relate  
 But these few words, which I shall ne're forget ;

Love, of a wondrous birth, cannot expire,  
Which strangely in the water first took fire.

*Prin. An.* None, Madam, but a Lover will believe  
That flames in water can their birth receive.

*Prin. Kath.* 'Tis true, but those bold words which then he spoke,  
Did soon my indignation so provoke,  
That never any crime can raise it higher;  
I bid him instantly from Court retire:  
'T would grieve your patience if I should declare  
All that he said, his trespass to repair;  
Let it suffice that after that black night  
I never did admit him to my sight;  
Nor will I tell you how he sought relief,  
And vainly since hath almost dy'd with grief.

*Prin. An.* Did you not give him then some sighs by stealth,  
And wish his sickly mind a little health?

*Prin. Kath.* All that 't had been injustice to deny.

*Prin. An.* Sure that was Love?

*Prin. Kath.* Oh! no, 'twas Charity.

Love is a flame which nothing can controul;  
As souls to bodies are, Love's to the soul;  
A pow'r which does all other powers o'return,  
And cannot be conceal'd when it does burn.  
Had that been Love, which is mistook by you,  
*Tudor* had seen, and I had felt it too;  
But term it what you please, it cannot be,  
Whilst I have pow'r to rule it, Love in me.

*Prin. An.* Love to his height oft by degrees does rise,  
Sometimes it storms a bosom by surprize;  
Love moves not ever in one constant road,  
Oft, like a Child, he acts, then like a God;  
And, by your easie ruling him, you may  
Mistake his power for what is but his play.

*Prin. Kath.* I doubt you'd have me think I am in Love.

*Prin. An.* I rather would my fear of it remove.

*Prin. Kath.* No, though I were, so much I owe my fame  
That to my birth I would resign my flame.

*Prin. An.* May I, with safety, build on what you say?

*Prin. Kath.* If my own heart deceive me not, you may.

*Prin. An.* Then I will tell you something which, perhaps,  
If you are cur'd, will hinder your relapse.  
When dreadful *Henry* to this War was bent,  
The Royal *Bedford* to my Father sent  
Offers of power and treasure, with design  
To make him in this last Invasion join:  
My Father to his *Burgundy* retir'd,  
Having rejected what the Duke desir'd;



But said, since here unjustly we retain  
*Anjou*, Rich *Normandy*, and *Aquitane*,  
 He would, if rendring these might Peace advance,  
 Perswade in *England*, and prevail in *France*.

*Prin. Kath.* We then have done th' injurious *Henry* wrong:  
 Do all these Provinces to him belong?

*Prin. An.* *France* can no other Title there pretend,  
 But what, force having got, Arms must defend.

*Prin. Kath.* My grief for our defeat shall then grow less;  
 Since we want justice we should want success.

*Prin. An.* But since to me your secrets you declare,  
 'Tis equal you in mine should have a share.

Ah Madam! do not wonder if my heart,  
 Which was entirely yours when we did part,  
 Is from that high and blest condition flown,  
 I, blushing, say, 'tis now no more my own.  
 The Duke of *Bedford*, by the noblest force  
 That e're subdu'd a heart into remorse,  
 Did with such joint success act his design,  
 That I took his, and then resign'd him mine.

*Prin. Kath.* Dear Princess, I shall now admire no more  
 What you have mention'd of Loves art and power;  
 Nor that so high in that discourse you went,  
 Since you but spoke your own experiment.

*Prin. An.* If, Madam, you had present been to see  
 The softness of those Charms which conquer'd me;  
 You'd wonder more that long I held the field,  
 Then that at last I willingly did yield.

*Prin. Kath.* The English Archers may victorious grow,  
 Where Love begins the conquest with his bow.

*Prin. An.* After we had this sacred friendship made,  
 He told me, though his brother would invade  
 This Kingdom, to regain what was his due,  
 Yet the chief conquest he design'd, was you:  
 He told me too, though *England* still affords  
 Beauties resistless as the English Swords,  
 Yet none of them prevail'd, though ne're so bright,  
 Like your victorious picture at first sight.  
 Then he implor'd that when to you I came,  
 I would prepare you to receive his flame;  
 A flame which all things else must needs out-do,  
 Since by him cherish'd and inspir'd by you:  
 This, Madam, was the cause why I have prest  
 To find if e're your heart were prepossess'd;  
 Let *France*, by you, be freed from her distress:  
 This happy union will procure her peace.

*Prin. Kath.* If me he lov'd, her blood he then would spare;  
 Loves gentle voice is never heard in War.

*Prin.*

*Prin. An.* Yet, like a King to you he does pretend,  
Glory he makes his way, and Love his end.

*Prin. Kath.* Where bloud does cry, can I a Lover hear?

*Prin. An.* When glory pleads, what then can stop your Ear?

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Madam, the Council is assembled now,  
And ere it fits, the Queen would speak with you.

*Prin. Kath.* I come: too long by Love we have been stay'd;  
I will consider all that you have said.

*Prin. An.* Madam, be pleas'd to think upon it so,  
That France to you may her redemption owe.

[*Exeunt.*]

## THE SECOND ACT.

*Enter the King, Duke of Exeter, Duke of Bedford, Earl of Warwick, and Tudor.*

*King:* **M**Y Lord of *Warwick*, you may give to all  
The *French* of note the rites of Funeral;  
It is a debt which to the dead we pay,  
Rewarding Courage ev'n in those we slay.

*Warwick.* It shall be done.

*King.* Brother it will be fit  
The Pris'ners you to stronger Guards commit;  
They shall a Court within our Army see;  
And in it nothing want but liberty.

*Bed.* They shall be safe, yet have some freedom too.

*King.* Uncle, the great request I make to you,  
Is to preserve our wounded men with care;  
'Tis by their courage we victorious are.

*Exeter.* They shall be serv'd with all they can desire;  
We must that valour serve which you admire.

*Exeunt Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.*

*Tudor.* Though this great day, th'expecting world may see  
Your Title both to *France* and Victory;  
And though no Conquerour alive, or dead,  
With nobler wreaths did ever crown his head;  
Yet pardon me if I presume to say,  
I see a sadness mis-becomes this day;  
This day, in which your friends and foes confess,  
Nothing can make you greater, nothing less;  
So fixt are Fortunes Wheels they cannot turn,  
Then, Sir, permit only the *French* to mourn;  
The loss of *York* and *Suffolk*, though too great,  
Should not out-weigh your Enemies defeat:



If, Sir, your Wars cost not some lives, like these,  
 You would not Conquests make, but miracles;  
 Who in his Princes service finds a Grave,  
 Rather our envy than our grief should have,  
 And fighting in your fight, who for you dyes,  
 Is blest enough without such Obsequies:  
 If to their death such envy'd grief you give,  
 You'll make us then repent that we do live:  
 Sir, for the living's sake your grief decline,  
 And let your looks clear as your glories shine.

*King.* So great a loss as is above relief,  
 Even on this day might justify my grief:  
 He who of friendship knows the sacred ties,  
 Will value more his Friends than Victories;  
 But that just sorrow, which thou wouldst remove,  
 Is not a tribute paid to Death but Love;  
 If Fame, or Power, only in me did sway,  
 I could not have been seen in Clouds to day;  
 'Tis Love's fierce Fire which does my heart devour;  
 Less to be quench'd than heats of Fame or Power.

*Tudor.* She must do more than Woman e're could do,  
 Resisting such a King and Conqu'rour too;  
 You, though her eyes should brightest beams emit,  
 May safe in shades under your Laurels sit.

*King.* My Laurels might a safe refreshment prove  
 To any other heat but that of Love;  
 Their sacred force 'gainst Thunder only lies,  
 Not against lightning shot from conqu'ring eyes;  
 Whose pow'r, like that of lightning, I have felt;  
 My breast they wound not, yet my heart they melt.

*Tudor.* May I not know who does my King subdue?

*King.* Saying I love, I need not tell thee who:  
 VVho of the Planets speaks of brightest beams,  
 Need not say after, 'tis the Sun he means.

*Tudor.* The Sun by all is mention'd at one rate,  
 But Fancy alters beauties estimate;  
 Were it not Fancy which that value gave,  
 All Lovers then would but one Mistress have.

*King.* Such adoration Fancy cannot raise,  
 As to this beauty sight and reason pays;  
 For he whose heart Love can to ashes turn,  
 Must feel her eyes alone have right to burn:  
 But that this ignorance thou may'st decline,  
 Know I adore the Princess *Katherine*:  
 Loves Rebels by her eyes are kept in awe,  
 She reigns in France spight of the *Salique* Law.

*Tudor.* Will not Loves heat make Glories flame expire?

*King.* No, *Tudor*, it will rather raise it higher;



For none should aim at this exalted state  
 Who makes not glory first his Advocate.  
 This was the cause when *Charls*, her father, sent  
 Embassadours, my conquest to prevent;  
 And this bright beauty offer'd for my Bride,  
 But with her, as her Dowry, *France* deny'd;  
 I shun'd the match, knowing her beauties were  
 No price for Peace, but the reward of War;  
 My vows and passion she might justly scorn,  
 Did I not Crown her Queen where she was born;  
 And raise her boundless beauties to supply  
 What a rude Law does to her Sex deny.

*Tudor*. Perhaps your flame had with more lustre shone,  
 Had you for it declin'd the Gallick Throne:  
 For love of her to quit in *France* your right  
 Is more then 'tis to conquer it in fight;  
 Nor can you hope her passions flame to raise  
 When with her Countries blood you stain your Bays.

*King*. Dear *Tudor*, I perceive because thou art  
 A Subject thou mistak'st a Monarchs heart.  
 Those, who from Royal veins derive their blood,  
 Find only in a Throne what's great and good;  
 Sure Nature in her would much rather see  
 Her Son then Brother rule this Monarchy.

*Tudor*. A Love like this was never known before,  
 The Father you'd depose, the Child adore.  
 Your Love will be in proofs of hatred shown;  
 You on her Countries ruins build her Throne;  
 This strange design, Sir, does my wonder raise.

*King*. A Love like mine moves not in common waies:  
 Such unexampl'd things I'll strive to do,  
 That when I reach to what I now pursue,  
 When men name one who lov'd to a degree  
 Ne're known before, they'll say he lov'd like me.  
 Prepare thy self to go within an hour  
 To the *French* Court as my Embassadour;  
 And let them know if they resign up *France*,  
 (Mine both by Conquest and Inheritance)  
 They shun such force as cannot be withstood,  
 They shew their justice, and they spare their blood.  
 Success now asks but what I ask'd before.

*Tudor*. He that at first ask'd all can ask no more.  
 Much is not in the proffer I shall make.

*King*. Yes, it is much to ask what I can take,  
 And to accept from them that Crown which I  
 Have giv'n me from the hand of Victory.

*Tudor*, in this they cannot but confess,  
 I make my mercy hinder my success.



*Tudor.* It might be then convenient that I try'd  
T'obtain with *France* the Princess for your Bride :  
Since you as well for her as *France* contend,  
Without her you'll not reach your noblest end.

*King.* She justly, *Tudor*, might my passion hate  
If Love's high int'rest I should mix with state.  
If I this great concern by Treaty move  
'Twill be below her Beauty and my Love.  
That blessing must in nobler ways be sought :  
Though Heav'n may be bestow'd, 'tis never bought.  
But that which chiefly makes me send thee now  
Is that my Friend should let my Princess know  
My flames are such as Martyr'd Saints sustain ;  
The glory of them takes away the pain.

[Exeunt.]

*Tudor.* Was ever such a Curse impos'd by Fate ?  
His favour wounds much deeper then his hate.  
I must unworthy or else wretched prove,  
Be false to Honour or else false to Love :  
To which of both shall I precedence give ?  
I'm kill'd by this, by that unfit to live ;  
But stay ! why should not I, even I alone,  
Raise Love and Honour to a height unknown ?  
If, for his sake, my passion I forego,  
In that great Act I pay him all I owe :  
Who for his King against his Love does act  
Pays Debts much greater then he can contract.  
Nor are these all th' advantages will flow  
From that great action I intend to do.  
If I her right above my Love prefer  
In that, by losing, I shall merit her.  
And to obtain, not merit her, will prove  
Less then to lose her and deserve her Love.  
'Tis worthy of my flame, and of her eyes,  
To make love be to love a sacrifice.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Queen, Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, Earl of  
Charaloys, and Count de Chastel.*

*Queen.* The fatal cause why we assemble now  
We by the worst of sad experience know.  
Heav'n does, at once, on this our Empire showre  
All the fierce marks of anger and of power.  
The King, my Lord, whose head, and heart, and hand,  
Should be employ'd our ruine to withstand,  
Under his old disease still worser grows ;  
Yields to his pain as *France* does to his Foes :  
Yet is he not unhappy in that state  
Which makes him not to feel the wounds of Fate.

The



The *Dauphin*, whose green years make him unfit  
 In such a storm at Empires helm to sit,  
 Yet for that great and dang'rous place does press;  
 And, missing it, forsakes us in distress.  
 As these two miseries assault us here,  
 So th' English late success fills all with fear.  
 Yet, *France*, surviving such destructive blows,  
 Ev'n in her ruine still her greatness shows.  
 By your wise help she hopes yet to be freed;  
 And on your breasts she leans her weary head.  
 Shall we again by Battel try our Fate,  
 Or with the English King Capitulate?

*Const.* Our shoulders but attend for heavier weight,  
 If in the Field we shun to try our Fate.  
 For doubtless, Madam, he less Vertue shows  
 Who yields to, than who falls by fortunes blows.  
*Rome*, though she lost four Fields to *Hannibal*,  
 Her valour rais'd ev'n in her Fortunes fall.  
 Her steady vertue did all storms suppress,  
 And made her Empress of the Universe:  
 I would not doubt but we at length should find  
 A Roman Fate, had we a Roman mind.

*De Chast.* Those who too hastily with Victors treat,  
 Make them too proud who were before too great.  
 Such condiscention would to fear dispose  
 Your Subjects hearts, and elevate your Foes.  
 Let not Posterity have cause to say,  
 That you lost *France*, and lost her in one day.

*Const.* The chance of Arms are still alternative;  
 Fortune one day does take, next day does give;  
 And all the English fame will be o'rethrown  
 If we of twenty Fields can win but one.  
 All thoughts of Treaties, Madam, then despise,  
 Which but excuses fear whilst we seem wise.

*Burg.* Madam, what the great *Constable* does say  
 Becomes that place you rais'd him to this day:  
 He, who the head of all your Armies is,  
 Safe Counsels should obey but not advise.  
 If to my judgment you will please to trust,  
 Chuse not what great appears, but what is just.  
 Madam, it is alone by Arms you reign  
 O're *Anjou*, *Normandy*, and *Aquitane*.  
 Those three, the noblest Provinces of *France*,  
 Are th' English King's confest Inheritance.  
 What-ever of prescription Gown-men write,  
 Yet length of time changes not wrong to right:  
 Why should you not, er'e things are desp'rate grown,  
 By giving what is his, preserve your own?

Keeping



Keeping those Countries will at last be found  
A Gangreen ; the corrupt will eat the sound.

*Ear. of Char.* Justice is more then but an empty word :  
Therefore, whilst that assists the English Sword,  
Success will alwaies to their side resort ;  
And every Field will be an *Agin-Court*.

*Burg.* Can Councils prosp'rous be or Armies strong,  
Both aiming to perpetuate a wrong ?  
If after this fair offer he pursue  
The War, our Swords will act what his does now.  
If he accepts it (as no doubt he must)  
You will be safe as soon as you are just.  
Pursue the Acts of Justice ; those alone  
Have pow'r to save and to exalt a Throne.

*Enter Blamont.*

*Blam.* Young *Tudor* is arriv'd, and craves to be  
With speed admitted to your Majesty.  
By those few words which have between us past  
I find his message does require some haste.

*Queen.* Know you what 'tis which does him hither bring ?

*Blam.* Some overtures of peace from th' English King.

*Blamont whispers in the Queens Ear.*

*Queen.* Yes, I consent ; and give her notice I  
Expect she should receive him civilly.

[*Exit Blamont.*]

My Lords, I find your judgments various are ;  
Two are for Treaty, th' other two for War.

Such reasons you for both opinions give,  
That I, with reason, either may receive.

But *Tudor* being come does surely bring  
Something important from the English King.

'Tis fit our resolutions we defer  
Till I his bus'ness in his message hear.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Princess Katherine, and Blamont.*

*Blam.* Madam, what I have said the Queen will own.

*Prin. Kath.* What ? That with *Tudor* I should speak alone ?

*Blam.* He for that honour, Madam, now does stay.

*Prin. Kath.* Since by the Queen commanded, I obey.

[*Exit Blamont.*]

*Enter Tudor.*

*Tudor.* Though, Madam, this high honour does excel  
What deeds can merit, or what words can tell,

It shall no cause of new presumption be ;

I'll not repeat what you condemn'd in me.

I then presum'd to tell you of a Fire

Your Eyes did in a Subjects heart inspire ;

But

But, Madam, now th'assurance which I bring,  
Is that your beauties have subdu'd a King;  
A King renown'd by all the voice of Fame;  
The least he has of Monarch is the name.  
He only Love and Glory does pursue;  
Which makes him Conquer *France* and yield to you.  
And by th'unhappi'st of his Subjects says,  
He at your feet his Heart and Laurel lays.  
Judge what his Vertues are, and what my Fate,  
Which makes his Rival turn his Advocate.

*Prin. Kath.* Tudor what first you spoke made me not fear  
That Rival was a word I e're should hear.

For you in that repeat the past offence,  
Which made me lately banish you from hence,  
If, by his worth, your King claims my esteem,  
Why grieve you that you plead to gain it him?

*Tudor.* Ah, Madam, may I not your pardon crave  
For grieving when I part from all I have?

A Father, when he sees his only Son  
Condemn'd to death for what he could not shun  
(Though to the right of justice he submit)  
May well be pardon'd if he mourns for it.  
By double Dictates, Madam, I am led;  
My loss makes me lament, my justice plead.  
But all my sorrows soon will lose their name  
If you raise him for whom I ruin'd am.  
A Prince who only does, as his just due,  
Deserve to love you, and be lov'd by you.

*Prin. Kath.* Has yet the Queen ought of this business known?

*Tudor.* I had but leave to wait on you alone.

Those common paths of Kings mine will not tread,  
To see by Picture and by proxy wed.  
He'll make his Court at an unusual rate;  
His is a love of liking, not of state.  
And says, he does not for a Mistress sue  
To *France*, but humbly begs your self of you.

*Prin. Kath.* I but by Picture did to him appear.

*Tudor.* Yes, he has seen you in my Character.

'Tis far above the labour'd art of man  
To draw a Mistress as a Lover can.  
Your Picture took his sight; but you will find  
My words alone did Captivate his mind.  
Though you may think the pencils pow'r is great;  
It aims to paint a fire, but not a heat;  
Much less a heat which does from Love arise,  
And which is kindled by his Mistress eyes.  
The Pencil to my words resign'd the place;  
Those drew your Soul, that painted but your face.



Madam, 'twas I who told him how your mind  
 With greater lustre then your beauty shin'd ;  
 That from the Charms of your discourse and shape  
 Men could no more then from your eyes escape.  
 And I may justly, Madam, be afraid  
 He saw, in me, you acted all I said ;  
 And to revenge that which you call'd a crime  
 I on this Embassy am sent by him.

*Prin. Kath.* Tudor, into a new relapse you fall ;  
 You seem'd to mourn at your loves Funeral :  
 And I on that assurance pardon'd you.

*Tudor.* I told you what was then, not what is now.  
 If other words have wander'd in my talk,  
 The Ghost then of my murder'd love did walk :  
 And like a Ghost to none it shall appear,  
 But before you, who are the Murtherer.

*Prin. Kath.* If you'l to my esteem your self restore,  
 Let me, by it, be visited no more.

*Tudor.* Madam, I'll strive t'obey you from this hour.  
 But, since the dead have o're their Ghosts no power,  
 If mine again the trespass should commit,  
 My last request is that you'l pardon it ;  
 And to so sad a love some sorrow give,  
 Which troubles you when dead, as when alive.  
 But for my King I must my suit renew ;  
 And beg to know what I must say from you.  
 If to accept his passion you incline,  
 You'l make his happiness your own and mine.  
 Since you deny what for my self I move,  
 Let me, against my self, successful prove.

*Prin. Kath.* You may acquaint the King all you have said  
 Have in my thoughts a fit impression made :  
 That I (as all who have but heard his name)  
 Believe his merit has acquir'd his fame ;  
 Though I with passion wish that he had chose  
 To raise his glory on remoter Foes.  
 I never more can his address receive  
 Till from the Queen he has procur'd me leave.

*Tudor.* Why do you, Madam, words so cruel speak ?  
 Make him not for you to another seek ;  
 Since, in that way, should he successful prove  
 'Twill rather shew you can obey then love.  
 Only to you let him his blessings own.

*Prin. Kath.* I have declar'd my resolution.

*Tudor.* To what then must the wretched Tudor trust ?

*Prin. Kath.* To find his cure in what he grants is just.

*Tudor.* How can that heal him which does make his wound ?  
 Yet to obey you, Madam, he is bound.

msb.1

But



But if hereafter you should chance to hear  
Some dying sighs which may offend your Ear;  
Forc'd from him by the fiercest griefs assault,  
Be pleas'd to pity, not condemn the fault.

[Exit Tudor.]

*Prin. Kath.* Oh! why is Love call'd Natures highest Law,  
When Title, Man's invention, does it awe?  
But 'tis the strength which reason does impart  
That makes my blood give rules thus to my heart.  
If Nature reason on us did bestow,  
Love, Natures dictate, 'twould not overthrow.  
But reason is a bright resistless fire  
Which Heav'n, not Nature, does in us inspire.  
It is not Natures Child, but Natures King;  
And o're loves height does us to glory bring.  
As bodies are below, and Souls above  
So much should reason be preferr'd to Love:  
Since Glory is the Souls most proper Sphere,  
It does but wander when it moves not there.  
This makes that King, who Courts me, *France* subdue;  
And makes me flye what else I would pursue.

## THE THRID ACT.

*Enter King Henry, Tudor.*

*Tudor.* **W**Hat I have said shews all that I have done;  
The Daughter by the Mother must be won.  
Those, Sir, who, serving Heav'n, to Heav'n pretend,  
By others mediation reach that end.

*King.* That obligation, *Tudor*, I'll decline.

She shall be all her own that must be mine.

'Tis for her glory she her self should give

The greatest gift that I can e're receive.

If from her will I differ, can she hate

My being for her int'rest obstinate?

[Tudor offers to speak.]

Go! what I told thee, *Tudor*, must be done;

He ne're meets Honour who does danger shun.

*Tudor.* A Subject must not with his King contend.

*King.* My Subject? thou art more; thou art my Friend!

Make haste! for I will only stay behind

Till I have orders for the Treaty sign'd.

[Exeunt several ways.]

*Enter*



*Enter Duke of Burgundy, and Charaloys.*

*Burg.* No, Son, the Treaty must not so proceed,  
Lest of my help the Queen should have no need :  
That envy'd pow'r which makes me useful here  
Is the effect not of her Love, but fear ;  
Whilst things continue in their present state  
I can dispose of *France* and *England's* Fate.  
The greatest skill that I would wish from Heav'n,  
Is in a War to keep the Scale so even  
As neither Party ever may prevail  
But by his help whose hand does hold the Scale.  
Whilst these two mighty Kingdoms disagree  
I keep in safety my own *Burgundie*.

*Char.* Have you forgot that vow, Sir, which you made  
To th' *English* King when *France* he did invade?  
That vow is to your Honour still a debt.

*Burg.* A States-man all but int'rest may forget,  
And only ought in his own strength to trust :  
'Tis not a States-man Vertue to be just.

*Char.* Those words which lately you in Council said,  
Have on my Breast a deep impression made.  
You urg'd that Acts of justice are alone  
What can preserve or must exalt a Throne.  
Is your own counsel by your self despis'd ?

*Burg.* I then for others, not my self, advis'd.  
Reason should still appoint us what to do.

*Char.* You'l find that Reason has Religion too,  
Which is by inter-change of justice shown,  
Doing to all what to your self is done.

*Burg.* You measure Reason with a crooked line.

*Char.* High Reason to Religion does incline.

*Burg.* I, Son, reason of Cloysters, not of State :  
Pow'r seldom is Religious to that height.  
Religion too not Reason is, but Faith.

*Char.* I fear, Sir, if such dang'rous ways you chuse,  
Instead of ruling both, you both will lose.

*Burg.* A harder game then this I twice have plaid ;  
And though, by fortune, I was still betray'd ;  
Yet still to greater pow'r I reach'd at length :

*Antew-like*, by falling, I got strength.  
Besides, *De Gbassel*, by much art and pain,  
Has brought the *Dauphin* back to Court again ;  
Who offers, if I'll urge the Queen for War,  
We equally betwixt us two shall share  
All Armies and all Governments in *France*,  
And he'l forget the death of *Orleance*.

*Charl.*



*Charl.* O Sir, from such an offer'd Friendship flye;  
What only int'rest tyes it will untye.  
And I presume though you restor'd him *France*  
He'll ne're forget the death of *Orleance*.  
I wish Heav'n sooner may forgive it you.

*Burg.* Alas young man, if you but truly knew  
What pow'rful Charms on sweet revenge do wait  
You would have acted what you think you hate.

*Charl.* Beware, Sir, I beseech you then in time  
Lest his revenge may seem as sweet to him.

*Burg.* These tender thoughts are graceful in a Son!  
I have your int'rest, you, your duty shown.  
I'll hear their offers, though I them refuse:  
When all is offer'd I the best will chuse.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Dauphin, De Chastel.*

*De Chast.* Sir, I believe you now no longer fear  
That on vain hopes I beg'd your presence here.  
The Queen, while you retir'd, had by her Arts  
So rob'd you of your future Subjects hearts,  
That 'twas your presence only could restore  
Them to that duty which they owe to Power.  
Sir, Fortune too begins to pay her debts;  
For the *Burgundian* with your Servant treats;  
And such an Ear to my discourse he lent  
As makes me more than hope a good event.  
And, as a proof, he lik'd what I did speak:  
He vow'd he would the English Treaty break.  
Nor is this all; the Countess of *La Marr*  
(To whom your Sister grows particular)  
I have entirely wrought to favour you:  
She told me, and th' Intelligence is new,  
That *Blamont* from the Queen has gain'd free leave  
Your Sister shall a single audience give  
To one whom *Henry* sent with privacy.

*Dauph.* His Love for her will fatal be to me,  
Unless th' effects of it I soon prevent.

*De Chast.* I therefore have obtain'd *La Marr's* consent  
That you, conceal'd, shall in that room remain  
Where she this messenger will entertain.  
By that concealment you may clearly know  
The roots of their designs, and how they grow.

*Dauph.* Heav'n for my Mother's faults makes me amends  
In sending me a Friend who gets me Friends.  
I fear'd my Sisters pride, my Mothers hate,  
The English Kings great Love, and greater Fate,



Helpt by the subtle head of *Burgundy*,  
 Might by a fatal Marriage ruine me.  
 But this permission thou for me hast got  
 May teach me both to know and break the Plot.  
 When does this Love-Embassadour appear ?

*De Chast.* They every moment, Sir, expect him here.

*Dauph.* Then it is fit I instantly repair  
 To that concealment promis'd by *La Marr*.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Queen, and Great Constable.*

*Queen.* Yes, I have seen the *Dauphin*, but methought  
 Though he has humbler gestures with him brought,  
 Shaping his looks to what he gently said,  
 Yet old resentments clearly he betray'd.  
 But yet, perhaps, those Charms which Courts attend  
 May to some mildness his fierce nature bend.  
 I will apply all that is taught by Art  
 Or wiser Nature to reclaim his heart.  
 'Tis fit you know, e're you begin to Treat,  
 The King of *Englands* passion is so great  
 For my un-marry'd Daughter, that I hear  
 He'll quit all he does claim, to marry her.  
 That this is true the Duke does undertake;  
 And you great use may of that passion make.

*Const.* Madam! 'tis strange, for she was then as fair  
 When offer'd to him to prevent a War.

*Queen.* He that by rules can judge a Lover's heart,  
 Has brought into the world an unknown Art.  
 But, having heard me, you must now be gone:  
 Should the Duke know we two had been alone  
 (You having both tane solemn leave of me)  
 It might in him create a jealousy.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Princess Katherine, and King Henry Incognito.*

*King.* Madam, when first my King from *Tudor* heard  
 That you your person to the Queen referr'd,  
 He sent me hither humbly to desire  
 You'd to your eyes be just and to his fire;  
 And would believe this right to both is due,  
 That he his Fate should only learn from you.  
 He'll but from you receive his destiny,  
 Whether you'll make him live, or have him dye.

*Prin. Kath.* That answer, which by *Tudor* you have known,  
 Is, Sir, my final resolution.  
 Nothing can e're perswade me to forsake  
 Results which duty and my reason make.

*King.*



*King.* Let him not be a double Sacrifice ;  
 You kill'd him with your Words, and with your Eyes.  
 Heav'n meant that Beauty, Nature's greatest force,  
 Having exceeding pow'r, should have remorse.  
 Valour, and it, the world should so enjoy  
 As both might overcome, but not destroy.

*Prin. Kath.* He who in Fight has all the *French* o're-thrown  
 Cannot be kill'd by words spoke but by one.

*King.* Yet he who has in *France* a Conqu'ring pow'r  
 With joy does own you as his Conquerour.  
 And that you may not doubt that this is true  
 He is in person come to tell it you !

*The King takes off his Disguise.*

I was Loves Heretick till you I saw,  
 In that which *Tudor* said, and Art did draw ;  
 Now, like an Heretick, I treated am  
 By Love, who has condemn'd me to the flame.  
 Your Picture to resist I wanted skill ;  
 T' oppose th' Original I want the will :  
 Believe what of my self is told by me.

*Prin. Kath.* The King of *England* ! sure it cannot be !

*King.* Madam ! by doubting add not to his pain ;  
 You cannot but know him in whom you reign.

*Prin. Kath.* Since he 'twixt *France* and all her safety stands,  
 How dares he trust his person in her hands ?

*King.* He who adores you, and dares tell you so,  
 What is there after which he dare not do ?

*Prin. Kath.* To what a streight, Sir, have you brought me too ?  
 I must be false to *France*, or false to you.

*The Dauphin discovers himself.*

*Dauph.* I will enlarge you though you wicked grow  
 In calling that a streight which was not so :  
 For she who doubts if evil she should act  
 Does, in that very doubt, a guilt contract.  
 No wonder now that *France* is fall'n so low  
 The Daughter of it treating thus our Foe.

*Prin. Kath.* Brother ! I nothing of his coming knew ;  
 His being here surpriz'd me more then you.

*Dauph.* Sister, when he reveal'd himself, your eyes  
 Shew'd greater signs of liking then surprize :  
 And, to convince me clearly of your crime,  
 You doubted if you should discover him.

*King.* I shall want patience to attend this storm !

*Prin. Kath.* The only fault you should in me reform  
 Is that I doubted whether I should do  
 As it became the Sister, Sir, of you.  
 But to the King Heav'n will this truth averry,  
 I ne're would have reveal'd his being here.

My



My Father's vertue to the world is known;  
 Who to my falshood would not owe his Throne.  
 If acts of Treachery he does not hate,  
 What he now suffers he deserves from Fate.  
 Since, by fair War, *France* now assaulted is,  
 Let her sink lower, or by Vertue rise.  
 To abject deeds I'll never condescend,  
 Nor make the means unworthy of the end.

*King.* Vertue a higher pitch did never rise;  
 It has a lustre which out-shines her Eyes.  
 Madam, in saying what you pleas'd to say,  
 You broke that silence my respects did pay.  
 And now, Sir, something I shall let you see  
 To make you grant you injur'd her, and me.

*Dauph.* Have you a Pass-port then for coming here?

*King.* This is my Pass-port to go ev'ry where! } Pointing to  
} his sword.  
 Who e're a Pass-port such as this can show  
 Will find all places safe, or make 'em so.  
 And, Sir, it is by this that you must swear  
 Not to reveal what you discover'd here:  
 This must be sworn, and sworn without a pause.

*Dauph.* You should subdue me e're you give me Laws.  
 Yet, I will swear; but 'tis that to this chance  
 I owe the pow'r to pay my debts to *France*.  
 Debts, which so weighty were as I did bow  
 More under them then *France* does under you.  
 Those debts which by a cruel Mother's sway  
 Till now I to my Birth could never pay.  
 Fortune! and Sister! here I pardon you,  
 For all you did and all that you would do!  
 Since through her Blindness, and your Treachery,  
 My self I single in condition see  
 To make our *France* such a revenge receive  
 As all her Swords in Battel could not give.  
 I only grieve one false to *France* and me  
 Should of that justice th' only witness be:  
 But yet that cause of grief should dis-appear  
 Since seeing of your death will punish her.

*King.* Oh could I justly think my self so blest  
 That what relates to me could touch her breast,  
 Though I should perish in this present strife,  
 My death would be more happy then my life.  
 But since no service I have paid her yet  
 Can make me hope a happiness so great,  
 I'll strive to merit that which you but fear,  
 By now revenging what you said to her!----  
 But yet, we should not fight she being by.----

*Dauph.* That is the reason why you here must dye.

ym

[Draws his sword.]

*King.*



*King.* Then, Madam, you'll forgive me, if I now [*King draws.*  
Defend that life which does belong to you.-----

*Prin. Kath.* Oh Heavens! whom shall I call? perhaps I may  
Saving my Brothers life the King betray.

[*Exit, and enters again with La Marr.*  
You broke your trust. Think on the Kings high worth.

*La Marr.* *Blamont's* without and stays to lead him forth!

*King closes with him and dis-arms him.*

*Prin. Kath.* Go open strait the Garden Gallery,  
Keep for the Kings escape the passage free.-----

First for my Brother in the Lobby stay.-----

*La Marr.* When he is gone I'll shut it with this key.

[*Exit La Marr.*

*Prin. Kath.* My Brother is dis-arm'd! what shall I do?

*King.* Your life, young Prince, is at my mercy now.

*Prin. Kath.* Sir, for my Brothers life let me implore;  
Nature speaks now as Honour did before!

*King.* I to your pleasure ever will submit.-----

'Tis to your blood you owe my sparing it.-----

Your life I give you at the Princess word;

And, for her sake, I here restore your Sword.

But, Sir, remember y'are oblig'd by me

No more t'invade your Sisters privacy;

Nor practise to obstruct that passions way

Which is a debt so due as I must pay.

These not observing my revenge shall prove

As strong to you as she shall find my love.

But if in both your courtesie be shown,

What here has past shall vanish as unknown.

*Dauph.* Your Fortune, Sir, is great o're France and me;

Great is your promise too of secrecie.

But if I can my self with silence please,

You may thank that, and not your Menaces. [*Exit Dauphin.*

*Prin. Kath.* I'll follow him t'observe which way he takes,

Whilst, for the King, she th'other passage makes.

Sir, you should stay a while; I'll straight return!

[*Exit.*

*King.* Oh Heavens! why have I given her cause to mourn?

*Blamont*, whose conduct did me hither bring

Will surely with a Friend, and with a King,

His promise keep; which was to see me out.

I cannot his unblemish'd honour doubt.

But I will stay to speak with her though all

The World were to be bury'd in my fall.

[*Enter Princess:*

Madam, Can you the cause in me forgive

Which gave you terrours here and make you grieve?

When you he injures not, much more then me,

Your presence will his Sanctuary be.



*Prin. Kath.* I will forgive you, Sir, all terrours here,  
If by your quick return you'll end my fear.  
To all your longer stay Alarms will give;  
My Brother's Nature is Vindicative:  
I fear from his revenge all that is ill,  
Here, where he wants no pow'r to act his will.

*King.* A greater ruine, Madam, I fore-see  
Then he, though in this place, can cast on me;  
If I from hence should to my Camp remove  
Before I know how you receive my love.

*Prin. Kath.* The first day, Sir, you'll think it were unfit  
I should do more then only know of it.  
Nor have you any reason to despair  
When for your safety I express my care.

*King.* Vertue may make you be my safeties friend;  
But to what's dearer to me I pretend.  
My safety lies not in my going hence  
But in that blessing you may here dispence.  
I would not safety without that enjoy;  
And with it, nought my safety can destroy.

*Prin. Kath.* I will say any thing you'll have me say  
Rather then keep you here in ruines way.  
But yet, that what I speak may not appear  
To be the dictates only of my fear,  
If you were gone I'll to my self confess  
Such vertue and respect you did express,  
That what I thought an Age had not the power  
To act in me, you acted in one hour.  
Now, Sir, you should retire, and give a Maid  
The ease to blush alone for what she said.

*King.* Madam, I go: but go so charm'd from hence,  
Both by your eyes, and vertues influence,  
That 'tis impossible for me to know  
To which I most of Adoration owe.  
But if the humblest duty, highest fire,  
Which man ere shew'd, or love did ere inspire,  
Can be oblations fitting to be paid,  
You'll ne're need blush for what you now have said.

*Enter La Marr.*

*La Marr.* Sir, *Blamont* stays for you. This is your way!

*Prin. Kath.* She is your Guide, take heed Sir of delay!

[*Exeunt La Marr, King*

Who can or Love or Reasons Pow'r express?  
One oft does more then th'other, often less.  
Reason makes me a Subjects passion flye;  
Love o're a King gains such a Victory



As makes him venture life, and, what is far  
 More great, his growing Glories of the War,  
 That he his passion only might relate  
 And from my lips might hear his doubtful Fate.  
 Sure, to return some love for love so great,  
 Is not to give a gift but pay a debt. [Exit.

*Enter Dauphin, and de Chastel.*

*Dauph.* Oh Friend, if I had kill'd him in that fight,  
 My Glory I had rais'd to such a height  
 That, maugre all my Mothers arts and hate,  
 I had restor'd, and I had rul'd the State.  
 All their successes had with him been dead;  
 For he's his Armies Soul as well as head.  
 Why did my Stars so fair a hope afford  
 (Leaving, O France! thy Fortune to my Sword)  
 Yet not to kill or perish by my Foe;  
 But both my Life and Sword I to him owe?

*De Chast.* Your mind, Sir, is too great to feel despair  
 For one ill chance in Duel, or in War.

*Dauph.* To be o'recome would be the greatest curse  
 If to out-live that Fate were not a worse.  
 The first, perhaps, was Fortunes fault alone;  
 But, Friend, the last too clearly is my own.

*De Chast.* If of that stain your heart has such a sense  
 Let's wash it off in's blood, e're he go hence.

*Dauph.* Should the first act of life which he did give  
 Meanly the Giver of his life deprive?  
 Because blind Fortune guilty is to me  
 Shall I, to my own self, more guilty be?  
 No, my *De Chastel*; though he be my Foe,  
 Yet he hath still most gen'rously been so;  
 And by no Acts of mine he ne're shall dye  
 Unless by such as rais'd him up so high.

*De Chast.* Let me then, single, your revenge pursue.

*Dauph.* Who to a Crime consents does act it too.  
 If it were fit, the act it self I'de do:  
 And what's unfit, shall not be done by you.

*De Chast.* I hope, Sir, then the Treaty I begun  
 Will put you in so high a posture soon  
 That the disgrace, which but a few now sees,  
 Shall in the Eyes of crowds of Witnesses  
 Be so wash'd off as shall your sorrow cure.

*Dauph.* Thy hope's uncertain, my disgrace is sure.  
 But what of good is meant for me by Fate  
 Thou ought'st to hasten on: it will come too late. [Exit.

*Enter*



*Enter Warwick, and Tudor Disguis'd.*

*Warw.* *Blamount* desir'd us to expect him here.

*Tudor.* The King did never shew us how to fear,  
Else we should tremble now at *Blamount's* stay.

*Warw.* Would Love had led the King a safer way.  
Kings, in whose chances Nations fall or rise,  
Hazard too much in private Gallantries ;  
The odds against them checks their luck and skill.

*Tudor.* 'Tis true, but Loves great Gamesters reckon still  
(Whilst boldly they the stake that's fairest chuse)  
What they may win, and not what they may lose.

*Enter Blamount.*

*Blam.* The King hath sent for you. I'll bring you straight  
Where he is safe out of the reach of Fate.  
You must to horse. I'll tell you what has past.

*Tudor.* You free us from a pain too great to last. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Princess Katherine, and Princess Anne.*

*Prin. Kath.* My fear did then my reason overthrow ;  
I could scarce think, much less know what to do.

*Prin. An.* Why did you not by positive commands  
Restrain at least the King of England's hands ?

*Prin. Kath.* Should I so much my Brothers safety prize  
As to procure it by mean remedies ?

Ah ! since 'twas only Love brought *Henry* here,  
Should I have made his Love his Murderer ?

The *Dauphin* to the King injurious was :  
Heaven would not let those wrongs unpunish'd pass.

*Prin. An.* His wrongs more then your own your anger move.

*Prin. Kath.* That's what I owe my Vertue, not his Love.

*Prin. An.* I do not the *Dauphin* some rash thing will do.

*Prin. Kath.* *La Marr* was to attend our interview ;  
Who did, corrupted by *De Chastel*, bring  
The *Dauphin* to observe me with the King.  
I from the terrour of their Fight did flye  
And met her, who, to salve her Treachery,  
(Having a full command of all the keys)  
Dispos'd their passage forth by sev'ral ways.  
*Blamount* with all the Friends that he could get  
I have engag'd to second his Retreat.  
I hope my care in that will happy prove.

*Prin. An.* Where there is so much care there is some love.

*Prin. Kath.* I know not whether it be love or no,  
But such great things he did both say and do

That



That I, dear friend, insensibly am led  
To think that may be true which now you sed.  
Who can, when such a Victor will advance,  
Resist that vertue which does conquer *France* ?

*Prin. An.* The proof he lately gave you of his flame;  
Madam, is such as is above a name.

All trodden ways in Love he does despise  
As things below his passion and your Eyes.

*Prin. Kath.* Condemn not then my being in some pain  
Till I assurance of his safety gain :

Which blessing that I may the sooner know  
This proof of Friendship mine does beg of you,

That we dividedly our selves concern  
Which of us first the welcom news shall learn.

*Prin. An.* I'll still obey what-ever you command,  
And, what I hear, you straight shall understand.

*Prin. Kath.* May Heaven so guide the King that I may hear  
He is beyond the prospect of my fear ! [ *Exeunt.* ]

## THE FOURTH ACT.

*The Curtain being drawn up,*  
*The Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, Earl of Charaloys, and the*  
*Bishop of Arras are seen sitting at one side of a Table, attended by*  
*the French Officers of State ; on the other side, are seated the Duke*  
*of Exeter, Duke of Bedford, the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury,*  
*and the Earl of Warwick, attended by the English.*

*Burg.* Since all, my Lords, is done by us and you  
Which is, as previous to a Treaty, due ;  
Delays in the affair should be abhor'd ;  
Those impious are when peace may be restor'd :  
Therefore, my Lords, 'twere fit you would express  
On what conditions you will grant a peace.

*Exet.* Those who our right and strength well understand  
Need not be told, that we all *France* demand.

*Const.* You would by meer demand a question make ;  
No Treaty gives all that success can take.  
This high resolve does more become the Field :  
'Tis nobler all to lose then all to yield.

*Bedf.* And you'll confess it is more nobly done,  
By Arms then Treaty to regain a Throne ;  
But yet my Brother thought a Treaty good  
That his *French* Subjects might preserve their blood.

*Arch-Bish.* That King proves well the justice of his claim  
Who, for his Subjects sakes, is deaf to Fame.



*E. of Char.* Had we no Plea but what prescription gives  
That were enough whilst any *French-man* lives.

*Warw.* In pleading so, my Lord, your selves you wrong;  
That can no Title be but to the strong.

For what can a protective aid afford  
Against the clearest Right, and sharpest Sword?

*Bish. of Ar.* From what pretence soe're a claim you draw  
*France* knows no right above her Salique Law:  
A Law which is both rational, and old;  
It never was by time or force controul'd.

*Exet.* You but imperfectly your story know;  
Or speaking thus, you hope that we do so.  
That Law (if made) was past on *Sala's* banks;  
And was not made for *France* but for the *Francks*;  
A *German* people who in Camps were bred,  
And therefore still renounc'd a Female head.

*Bedf.* A Law, which only from arm'd Tumults rose,  
And which Heaven's Law and Nature's does oppose.  
My Lord of *Canterbury* 'tis in you  
To speak how *France* we challenge as our due.

*Arch-Bish.* *Philip* the Fourth, as your own stories tell,  
Had *Lewis*, *Philip*, *Charles*, and *Isabel*;

*Edward* the Second did his Daughter wed;  
His Sons did all to the *French* Crown succeed.  
Who, no Sons leaving, *Philip*, the Uncle's Son,  
Did from the Father's Daughter take the Crown;  
And kept it during injur'd *Edward's* life;  
To whom 'twas due, in justice, by his Wife.  
That *Edward*, dead, *Edward* the Third, his Son,  
Did, in his Mothers right, demand his Crown.  
*Cressy* and *Poitiers* to the World declare  
How Heav'n esteem'd his Sword in that just War.  
Death, Nature's Conquerour, did him subdue;  
And his great Son, the greater of the two.  
Soon after, Civil Wars our Isle destroy'd:  
Our Swords against our selves were long employ'd.  
Whilst sick with Civil War, Prides worst disease,  
We bled in *France*, and lost three Provinces.  
But, now when those Intestine Wars are done,  
We come here to receive, or take our own.

*Bedf.* You boast your Salique Law so just, and old,  
That it by time or force was ne're controul'd.  
But tell, I pray, what part of it decreed  
That *Martel* should King *Childerick* succeed?  
Or how it could, if not by wrested shift,  
Make *Capet* Successour to *Lew's* the Fifth,  
When *Charles* of *Lorrain* should have fill'd the place;  
The first Heir-male left of your Royal Race?

*Exet.*



*Exet.* 'Tis true, the States of *France*, by their decree,  
Did call King *Capet* to the Monarchie.  
Who wisely then did Royal Int'rest save,  
Making them think that what they paid, they gave :  
For so to his just right he joyn'd their power,  
By which he vanquish'd his Competitor.  
Thus when by Arms the Salique Law was try'd  
Heaven judg'd the Title to the Female side :  
For the chief right which *Capet* had to plead  
Was that he did King *Lewis* Sister wed.

*Arch-Bish.* From this great *Capet*, who that Law repeal'd,  
All your succeeding Kings their Crowns have held.  
By which, my Lords, we think we clearly show,  
If then his claim was good, ours now is so.

*Warw.* Or, if you grant the States by their decree  
Can give to whom they will this Monarchie,  
If you their pow'r so highly will advance,  
We need but conquer to have right to *France*.

*Burg.* Since you, my Lords, so pry into our right,  
How comes your Red-rose now to rule your White ?  
Blame not what *France* to that Duke *Charles* has done  
When a *Lancastrian* head does wear your Crown.  
What by both sides may equally be sed  
That neither, as his proper right, can plead.  
But if your Roses Heav'n should e're unite  
Then you may challenge *France* with better right.  
None of the present Line we will admit ;  
The house of *Tork* can only plead for it.

*Exet.* All of that house allow my Nephew's right ;  
And, under him, they for this Empire fight.  
If Fate should them to *Englands* Throne advance  
They shall possess, with it, the Throne of *France* :  
By them as Subjects he is serv'd and fear'd.

*Burg.* When they are Kings again they shall be heard.  
My Lords, that all this vain discourse may cease,  
What say you, if, t'advance you to a peace,  
We give your King the Princess *Katherine*,  
And with her such vast Treasure we assign,  
As may for ever all your Title buy  
To *Anjou*, *Aquitain*, and *Normandy*.

*Bedf.* How came such abject offers in your thought ?  
One ought not to be sold, nor th' other bought.

*Burg.* Then know, my Lords, the War you must pursue ;  
The Sword must end what Treaty could not do.

*Exet.* 'Tis to the Sword we must have our recourse !  
Where right's deny'd 'tis justice to use force.

*Bedf.*



*Bedf. Pippin and Capet* such sharp Swords did draw  
 As twice repeal'd this Pagan-Salique-Law.  
 My Brother then may charge it as your crime  
 If he presume to do it the third time.  
 His Sword you'll quickly feel as sharp as theirs ;  
 Since force must plead the right of Femal-heirs. } *Salutes the Eng*  
 My Lords, farewell ! we cannot here agree ! } *lish Lords.*  
 But they'll begin th' ensuing War at Sea.  
 Their Fleet's prepar'd ; and, by this morning Post,  
 Our Navy too does call me to the Coast. [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Queen, and Countess of La Marr.*

*La Marr.* So far this Treaty has already gone  
 That the *Burgundian* did assure your Son  
 The English Treaty never should succeed ;  
 Which with the *Dauphin's* passion, so agreed  
 As he has offer'd him to share all *France*  
 And to forget the Death of *Orleanse*.  
 This, Madam, but too clearly let's you see  
 They mean to force you from the Regency :  
 Which the false Duke soon after will enjoy :  
 First he'll divide, and then your house destroy.

*Queen.* This service, my *La Marr*, is far above  
 All Presents I can make you, but my Love.  
 I thought *De Chastel* had so fierce a mind  
 As he to Love could never have inclin'd ;  
 But in that thought I find I injure you :  
 This conquest only to your Eyes is due.

*La Marr.* Madam, 'twas only Love which could have prest  
 This fatal secret from *De Chastel's* breast.  
 Nor would I e're to him have faithless been,  
 But to save *France*, and to preserve my Queen.

*Queen.* Thy Queen, half lost, thy Friendship does restore ;  
 And yet thy Friendship must oblige her more.----

*Enter Burgundy, and Constable. The Queen casts  
 her eyes on Burgundy.*

That haughty *Burgundy* shall shortly Mourn.----  
 Kind Cousin ! you have made a quick return.----

*Burg.* The Dukes of *Bedford* and of *Exeter*,  
 Joyn'd with their talking Bishop, did appear  
 So much averse to all that we could speak  
 As we in Duty did the Treaty break ;  
 Duty to you. We offer'd all you sent,  
 But only *France* can give their pride content.

*Queen.* Since these bold Foes take pleasure to make War  
 (Proud that they dare do worse then others dare,

And



And prouder with success) let us provide  
T' advance our merit and debase their pride.

*Burg.* Madam, in this just cause I shall afford  
Th' assistance of my Counsel and my Sword.

*Queen.* It is on those my chief dependance lies :  
For you, my Lord, both pow'rful are and wise.  
Prepare for Action, and let Treaties cease :

The wise may lose by War, fools lose by Peace.

*Burg.* The better to obey what you desire  
Excuse me, Madam, if I now retire. [Exit.]

*Queen.* He being gone, my Lord, I'll let you know  
What *France*, and I, do to this Lady owe.  
The Duke has broke the *English* Treaty now  
That to the *Dauphin* he may keep his Vow.  
And false *De Chastel* made 'em both agree  
Out of my hands to force the regency.

And then between themselves they are to share  
The high employments both of Peace and War.

*Const.* This Duke does all my faculties amaze :  
Yet still he lov'd to walk in crooked ways.

*Queen.* They all shall sink and their own ruine find  
Within that depth which they for me design'd.

My Secretary *Perrot* understands  
The Art of counterfeiting Seals and hands :

I'll make him straight write to the *English* King,  
As from the Duke, proposing every thing

Which false *De Chastel* offer'd from my Son ;  
Yet when all promis'd by the King is done,

Though less then what my Son did e're propose  
Him he'll forsake, and with the *English* close.

*La Marr* shall entertain *De Chastel* so  
As of the Duke he may suspicious grow.

*La Marr.* Some doubts which seem perplex'd I will unfold ;  
I'll say, he with the King does Treaty hold.

*Queen.* Which can no other way be brought to light  
But by those Letters raise which he may write :

These Letters shall, though forg'd, authentick seem ;  
And must be intercepted too by him.

*La Marr.* This will between them raise a jealousy.

*Const.* And when that seed is sown 'twill never dye.  
The *Dauphin's* Soul I never understood

If he revenge not this affront with blood.

*Queen.* My Lord, withdraw, and write with instant care

[Exit Constable.]

The Letter for *Du Perrot* : you, *La Marr*,  
Shall sooth *De Chastel* with your former Art,  
And subtly play your self in all your part.

[Exit La Marr.]



Great troubles to a Throne the way prepare;  
 And greater troubles must preserve us there.  
 Yet the Ambitious envy those who reign:  
 They know the Pomp of Crowns, but not the pain. [Exit.]

*The Princess Katherine, meeting Princess Anne.*

*Prin. Kath.* Madam, what News?

*Prin. An.* The worst that I could bring:  
 They have dissolv'd the Treaty with the King.  
 Peace is quite fled, which did before but hide  
 Her chearful face. The Sword must all decide.  
 Thou forward hope, Wars voice has call'd thee back!

*Prin. Kath.* I ne'er could think suspense was such a rack.

*Prin. An.* Suspence, in any thing, a pain does prove;  
 But turns a torment when 'tis mix'd with love.

*Enter La Marr in haste.*

*La Marr.* Madam, I doubt the Queen and Duke have heard  
 Of that disguise in which the King appear'd.  
 The busie Whisp'ers run from place to place;  
 And fear, or news, is seen in every Face.  
 Small Parties meet; then to a throng they grow,  
 As Clouds unite before a storm does blow.

*Enter Blamont.*

*Blam.* Madam, I left the *Dauphin* with the Queen;  
 They have this morning in a Tempest been:  
 Their meeting was both violent and short:  
 Your Brother instantly will leave the Court.  
 He said he would no longer vainly strive,  
 But boldly take what some deny to give.  
 Safely the Duke th' event of this attends,  
 And his apartment fills with Guards and Friends.

*Enter Earl Charelloys.*

*E. of Char.* Madam, just now I from the *Dauphin* came:  
 His Friends are kindled with his anger's flame.  
 He is to sudden Execution bent;  
 To Deeds so swift as he'll too late repent.  
 He puts on wings for what he will pursue;  
 And says my Father does usurp his due:  
 And fierce *De Chastel* too (which all admire)  
 Against his Nature strives to quench this fire.

*Enter French Lady.*

*Lady.* Madam, you are expected by the Queen.

*Prin. Kath.* This storm will fall as soon as it is seen.  
 My Lord, I'll strive to make the Queen apply  
 To this distemper a quick remedy.

*Charl.*



*Charl.* I'll still near my suspicious Father stay;  
Too much suspicion does it self betray.

*Prin. An.* Brother, I'll follow / Madam, we in vain  
In storms of Love of other storms complain;  
Love's Queen did rise from the Tempestuous Sea;  
Which shews that Love in storms must ever be. **[Exit.]**

*Enter Tudor.*

*Tudor.* By what the King related I may see  
The Princess is for ever lost to me.  
'Tis evident she has her Love resign'd  
To his great Title and his greater mind.  
Why should I thus, what she has done deplore?  
She did but that which I had done before.  
But, Fate, thou art unjust in making me  
To quit the Love yet keep the jealousy:  
Which is of Loves fair tree the foulest fruit;  
A Branch whose nourishment offends the root.  
Shall jealousy a pow'r o're judgment gain  
Though it does only in the fancy reign?  
With knowledge thou art inconsistent still;  
The minds foul Monster whom fair truth does kill.  
Thy tyranny subverts even Natures Laws;  
For oft thou hast effects without a cause.  
And, which thy strength or weakness does detect,  
Thou often hast a cause without effect.  
In all thou dost, thou ever dost amiss;  
Seest what is not, or seest not that which is.  
Whilst thou dost live sickness does thee pursue;  
And he who cures thee needs must kill thee too.

*Enter King.*

*King.* Tudor! you must not think my Friendship rude.  
Though it pursue you to your solitude.  
Some fatal sorrow has your heart oppress:  
Divide it, and send half into my Breast.

*Tudor.* What is it can invade me in excess,  
But joy, whilst I your favour, Sir, possess?

*King.* If my warm favour has your blessing made  
Why leave you then that Sun to seek this shade?

*Tudor.* Sir, from your bounties I retire to show  
I would prevent th' increase of what I owe.  
I study here to pay my former score;  
And I avoid your making of it more.

*King.* Tudor, I no such answer will admit;  
I must be paid with truth and not with wit.  
The truth of Friendship has forsook the Earth:  
Thou dost dissemble thy accustomed mirth.



A sudden sigh does thy feign'd smiles detect :  
Nature betrays more Art then I suspect.

*Tudor.* Let me not, Sir, be for that shape despis'd  
In which I am ev'n to my self, disguis'd.

*King.* Friendship above all eyes does bind the heart ;  
~~And faith~~ in Friendship is the noblest part.

'Tis ill, unaskt, not to have told your pain ;  
But worse, when askt, if you excuses feign.  
Farewel, frail man ; our Friendship here must end.  
You wrong your Honour, when you wrong a Friend.

*King offers to go out.*

*Tudor.* Stay, Sir, and to your vertue I'll unfold  
The saddest story that was ever told.

*King.* Why with thy King should there such trifling be ;  
With Friendship too, which sacred is as he ?

*Tudor.* My grief is yet close pris'ner in my Breast ;  
Whilst there confin'd, 'twill only me molest ;  
But may disquiet you when got from home ;  
Complaints, when past relief grow troublesome.

*King.* That grief does far all other griefs transcend  
Which greater grows when trusted to a Friend.  
Friendship in noble hearts would never reign  
If Friendships duty should be Friendships pain.  
For ease of sorrow Friends from Heaven were sent.

*Tudor,* dispatch, and try th' experiment.

*Tudor.* Why should you press me Sir ? it will not out.---

*King.* Those fear their Cure who their Physicians doubt.

*Tudor.* Force me not, Sir, to tell you what can be  
No ease to you, and yet a rack to me.

*King.* Tell it I say !

*Tudor.* I'll tell it though I dye----  
I am in Love.

*King.* In Love ? and so am I.  
Is this the strangest story e're was known ?

*Tudor.* Pray Heav'n you think not so e're it be done.

*King.* Proceed.

*Tudor.* She Sir, who does my heart subdue  
Is by my Friend ador'd with passion too :  
And, which is worse, his passion he did tell  
To me, e're mine I durst to him reveal.  
And, worser yet, that Friend does me employ  
T'assist his Love whilst I my own destroy.

I lose my Mistress if I condescend  
To this, not doing it I lose my Friend.

But, which is worst of all, I'll not deny

He does deserve her so much more then I

That should she, for my sake, make him despair

She must be more unjust then she is fair.

And



And, whilst she does admit of my address,  
The wrong I do destroys my happiness.

*King.* 'Tis difficult. What hast thou fixt upon ?

*Tudor.* What I thought just I have already done.

*King.* Why then is so much time in sorrow spent ?  
For what is justly done canst thou repent ?

*Tudor.* In what I did such justice I have shown  
That I would do't again, were it undone.

But, Sir, I cannot yet that grief remove  
Which springs from Friendship that contests with Love.  
As after storms the Sea does troubled show  
Though the fierce Winds, which mov'd it, cease to blow.

*King.* No wonder griefs wild Sea so high is wrought  
Since in your Breast Friendship and Love have fought.  
But tell me now thy Friends and Mistress name  
For whom your self you nobly overcame.

He who you think deserves much more than you  
I must conclude deserves my Friendship too.

*Tudor.* Oh, Sir ! in that your pardon I implore :  
Too much is said ; force me to say no more.

*King.* *Tudor*, that man must high in merit be  
For whom you'l do, more than you'l trust with me,

*Tudor*  
*kneels.*

*Tudor.* Forgive me, Sir, if more I dare not say :  
Let me in silence mourn my Life away.

*King.* Rise, but no more I thee my Friend will call :  
For he's no Friend, if not a Friend in all.

In part thou shew'st me what I whole would see ;  
A half Friend's worse then a whole Enemy.

Thy silence by a stricter way I'll break.

By thy Allegiance I command thee speak !

*Tudor.* Oh do not think my Soul is sunk so low  
That ought can act what Friendship could not do.

*King.* Thy want of it, this passion from me draws :  
Excuse th' effects of which thou art the cause.

No longer, *Tudor*, at this rate contend  
With him who is thy King, and more, thy Friend. [*Embraces him.*]

*Tudor.* The charming name of Friend will make me speak  
When, even my King, could not my silence break.

You are that Friend whose name I would conceal ;  
Who is the Mistress then I need not tell.

Shee too did this revealment, Sir, constrain :

What but my pain could have disclos'd my pain ?

*King.* Oh why so late dost thou this truth avow ?

*Tudor.* I fear too early I have told it now.

*King.* Thus to have us'd thy Friendship breeds a pain  
Which nothing can transcend but her disdain.

*Tudor.* But had I told it sooner, Sir, to you  
Could you have then done more than you can now ?



Since all I ask, for what you make me say,  
Is but your pardon that I durst obey.

*King.* My ignorance alone has made me do  
What Love it self could not have forc'd me to.

*Tudor.* Though, Sir, the Charms of Lovers hopes are sweet,  
Yet mine I freely prostrate at your feet.

*King.* My Rival thus in Love thou shun'st to be  
Yet thus in honour dost out-rival me.

I to no Monarch e're that glory gave;  
Much less my Subject shall that glory have.

If, *Tudor*, you would now suppress your flame,  
To shew your Friendship, or exalt your fame;

That act on neither score I will allow;  
For I'm in both, as much concern'd as you.

So greatly, *Tudor*, thou hast done for me  
As nought can pay it but the same for thee.

*Tudor.* I cannot, Sir, imagine your design.

*King.* To be your Advocate as you were mine,  
And give you leave your passion to pursue.

And, which is more, I do command you too.

*Tudor.* Forgive me if this offer I refuse.

*King.* Resolve to take it or thy King to lose.

*Tudor.* Then I'll embrace it, and dispute no more.

And give me leave a pardon to implore

From all the better World who Lovers are,

From all who shall be so, and all that were,

That I against them did so guilty prove

As to consider ought in Love, but Love.

*King.* *Tudor*, this gallantry obliges more

Then all thy pleading for me did before.

But, if I ever can attend again

That Sov'raign Beauty which does o're us reign,

I'll give her then such Characters of thee

As shall out-speak what thou hast said of me.

We then will be each others Advocate;

And from her sentence each receive his Fate.

*Tudor.* Though this is more then I could hope; yet still

That which revives my hopes my hopes does kill.

For when describing me, you please to add

All that you think is likely to persuade,

Even that a surer way will rather prove

To shew your Vertue then advance my Love.

*King.* Fear not, you may succeed; though drawing you

I shall but Copy what for me you drew.

*Tudor.* Yet those will find, who justly ballance things,

I only Subjects taught, but you teach Kings!

[Exeunt.]

THE



## THE FIFTH ACT.

*Enter the King, the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of Bedford,  
and Tudor.*

*King.* OUR good successes come together still;  
And, as the good concur, so do the ill.

I have observ'd it, Uncle, have not you?

*F. t.* 'Tis, Sir, as worthy notice as 'tis true.

*King.* This seems, methinks, t'accuse their ignorance  
Who attribute our great events to chance:  
For though it may, when slowly one event  
Follows another, look like accident;  
Yet when together many swiftly joyn  
It shews a power which rules us by design.  
Whilst we succeed at Land, to Heav'n we owe  
The Triumph of a Naval overthrow.  
Brother, your tongue may claim the right alone  
To tell what Heav'n by your brave hand has done.

*Bedf.* But little fame, where many Conqu'rors were,  
Could justly fall to any single share.  
When we had sail'd your Fleet in sight of *France*,  
From the *Seins* mouth the *French* did strait advance:  
Their number pleas'd us whom it meant to fright;  
We joy'd at any thing that made them fight.  
But whilst to gain the Wind both Navies ply'd,  
Both, to the Southward, a third Fleet descry'd.  
Whose course, by bearing, to our Fleet was bent:  
We thought to them, they fear'd to us, 'twas sent.  
When drawing near us, 'twas perceiv'd by all,  
Their Flags display'd the Arms of *Portugal*.  
That prosp'rous King, your Kinsman, and your Friend  
His Royal Navy to your aid did send,  
Hearing the *French* had rigg'd a numerous Fleet.

*King.* This shews his Friendship, like his virtue, great:  
I am oblig'd, and more I could not be  
Then by a Debt, great as your Victory.

*Bedf.* The Valiant *Bourbon*, Admiral of *France*,  
Shrunk not at this, but swiftlier did advance.  
That shout with which we did their Navy greet,  
Th'affrighted shore did Eccho to their Fleet.  
At the first shock, some ships we sunk and burn'd;  
Our order soon was to a Chaos turn'd.  
The *Portugal's* still like the *English* fought;  
Envyng our Valour, or else by it taught.



A thousand Deeds were worthy in that fight  
 Though not, Sir, of your hands, yet of your fight.  
 But what the *French* perform'd, worthy your praise,  
 Serv'd but the more your Glory, Sir, to raise.  
 For your resistless Genius there did reign,  
 And made us gather Laurels on the Main :  
 As prosp'rous Stars, though absent to the sence,  
 Bless those they shine for by their influence.  
 Five hundred Ships were sunk or taken there  
 Whose Flags seem Wreaths for you, the Conquerour.

*King.* This high success at Sea, which Heav'n has sent,  
 Has made me Master of that Element.

When Monarchs have at Land a Battel lost  
 It may, to raise new Troops, some Treasure cost.  
 But to repair lost Fleets is not so cheap ;  
 Woods are a Crop which men but once can reap.  
 That Prince, whose Flags are bow'd to on the Seas,  
 Of all Kings shores keeps in his hand the Keys :  
 No King can him, he may all Kings invade ;  
 And on his Will depends their Peace and Trade.  
 Trade, which does Kings and Subjects wealth increase ;  
 Trade, which more necessary is then Peace.

*Exet.* If the Worlds trade may to our hand be brought  
 Though purchas'd by a War 'tis cheaply bought.

*Tudor.* He who an Island rules and not the Sea,  
 Is not a King, and may a Pris'ner be.

*Bedf.* In this Victorious Fleet your Parliament  
 Have such supplies of Men and Treasure sent  
 That *France* will now in humble posture seek  
 The Treaty which her former Pride did break.

*King.* Those Royal Limbs will not their head forsake ;  
 My Glory they their own kind Int'rest make.  
 Their Love does with their Duty nobly strive ;  
 And giving thus, unaskt, they doubly give.-----  
 Oh *Tudor!* though my Sword at Land and Sea  
 Does conquer others, Love does conquer me.  
 Whilst under his resistless pow'r I groan  
 Fate cannot make me joyful with a Crown.

*Tudor.* May still the greatness of your fame increase ;  
 And, for your quiet, may your love grow less.

*Enter Warwick.*

*Warw.* From the *French* Court Count *Blamont*, Sir, is sent  
 And newly is alighted at your Tent.

*King.* Admit him, but he soon may hasten home  
 If from the false *Burgundian* he is come.

A Prince worthy of nothing but of hate ;  
 Early in promise, in performance late.

[*Exit Warwick.*

He



He cheaply rates my Honour with his own ;  
 And meanly thinks that I would sell a Crown.  
 In wronging his high Birth he injures me  
 And gives my Sword a right to *Burgundy*.

*Enter Warwick, Blamont, Chareloys Disguis'd.*

*Blam.* If a surprizing wonder may be news,  
 Such as does joy and horreur too infuse,  
 I bring it, Sir : for he, whose head and Sword  
 Made War and Peace the Creatures of his word ;  
 The Great *Burgundian* who in *France* did reign,  
 Is by appointment of the *Dauphin* slain.

*King.* Heaven's hand is sure, though it the stroke defer.

*Blam.* The face of *France* does full of change appear.

*King.* This Murder sudden was : but what late crime  
 Could urge the *Dauphin* thus to Murder him ?

*Blam.* The Duke (who said, Treaties would ne're advance  
 That Peace with you which was desir'd by *France*),  
 Did therefore for the *Dauphin's* Friendship sue.

*Iyon* appointed was for interview ;  
 To which the Duke did instantly repair ;  
 There to resolve how to contrive the War.  
 The *Dauphin* met at the appointed time ;  
 But, whilst the Duke humbly saluted him,  
*De Chastel*, unprovok'd by deed or word,  
 In the Dukes heart did sheath his guilty Sword :  
 And then the *Dauphin* publicly did own  
 That this strange act by his command was done ;  
 And said it was a justice due to *France*  
 Because the Duke had Murder'd *Orleanse*.

*King.* Through what false Opticks do mens passions look ?  
 In this wild justice he out-fin'd the Duke :

*Blam.* *De Chastel* talk'd (though few did credit it)  
 Of Letters taken which the Duke had writ,  
 Th' express confest that they to you were meant,  
 In which he offer'd (if you would consent  
 To what he there, Sir, did propose to you,)  
 He would unthrone the King and *Dauphin* too.

*King.* I by the Duke have been so courly us'd  
 That what he had propos'd I had refus'd.  
 Will not the Son revenge the Fathers fall ?

[*Chareloys pulls off his Disguise.*

*Charl.* Yes, Sir, and does for your assistance call.  
 The blood of Sov'raign Princes basely spilt  
 Calls loud to Monarchs to revenge the Guilt.  
 My reason, not my passion, makes me flye  
 From a false Friend to a brave Enemy.  
 If you'll revenge high blood, ignobly shed,  
 The Crown of *France* I'll settle on your head.

M

And



And, when you wed the Princess *Katherine*,  
The States shall then entail it on your Line.  
Of those most are my Friends and my Allies;  
And they are all so Noble and so Wise,  
That with one voice they will aloud disdain  
The proud injustice of a Murd'ers reign.

*King.* Your Father's faults I'll cast into his Grave;  
And will revenge that blood I could not save.  
And since you are so generous and just,  
That, without Treaty, you my honour trust,  
You shall, Sir, on a Kings unblemish'd word,  
Enjoy my Friendship, and engage my Sword.

*Char.* Where faith is wanting this would satisfie;  
On which, as on Truths Pillars, I rely.

*King.* Th' example of your worth will make a Friend.  
But what, Sir, does the *Dauphin* now intend?

*Char.* This fatal Murder, Sir, he did design  
Just when the Queen, the Princess *Katherine*,  
My Sister *Anne*, and I, (t' avoid the heat  
And noyse of *Paris*) did to *Meaux* retreat:  
Some Troops to seize on us he thither sent:  
One of their Leaders (as to *Meaux* they went,  
Being my private Friend) did by a Post  
Tell me, unless we fled, we all were lost:  
And that we should not then tow'rd *Paris* flye,  
For on that Road some other Troops did lye  
To intercept us if we thither fled.

*King.* This root of mischief soon will shoot and spread.

*Charl.* At this I found the Queens amazement great:  
For being now cut off from her retreat,  
Her wisdom could not teach her what to do:  
I then propos'd we all should flye to you,  
As the securest way to scape his rage;  
And so your Vertue by our trust engage;  
Vertue so known as would her fears controul.

*King.* Trust is the strongest Bond upon the Soul:  
That sacred Tye has Vertue oft begot;  
It binds where 'tis, and makes it where 'twas not.

*Charl.* I said she might, to break her Son's design,  
Give you for Bride the Princess *Katherine*:  
And urge th' Estates t' entail the Crown on you:  
This to your right, that to your love is due.  
This done, what could resist your Arms and mine?  
As she consider'd how she should incline  
*Clermount* came in, disguis'd; in whose known care  
Her Wealth and Jewels lay; who did declare  
Her Treasure was surpriz'd, by some who said  
That they the *Dauphin* in that act obey'd;



Who would employ that wealth, vilely procur'd;  
So as that *France* should have her peace assur'd.

*King.* The *Dauphin*, in his rage or want, has done  
What was below him as a Prince or Son.

*Charl.* Though she this wrong and loss did calmly bear,  
Yet the high Dictates of Revenge and Fear  
Made her resolve immediately to do  
What I with reason first advis'd her to.

And now at *Troy*, the Queen and Princess are ;  
To which the *Dauphin* will Transport the War.  
A Garrison of mine secures that Town,  
And since 'tis mine you know it is your own.

*King.* 'Tis chiefly to your favour I must owe  
My being blest in Love and Conquest too.

*Charl.* 'Twere fit, Sir, that you sent some Troops of Horse  
The Garrison of *Troy* to re-inforce.

*King.* I'll lead them, Sir, my self : all that are mine  
In *France*, are but the Guards of *Katherine* :  
My Duty else she might in question bring.

*Charl.* 'Tis spoken like a Lover and a King.

*Blamont* I'll send before that she may know  
What Honour to her you intend to do.

[Exit *Blamont*.]

When you to *Troy* are come it shall appear  
I will perform more then I promis'd here.

*King.* You may augment my debt, as you think fit,  
But nothing can encrease my sense of it,  
Unless your favour, Sir, I could incline  
To make my Brother's joys keep time with mine :  
His Love to Princess *Anne* wants your consent.

*Charl.* She made me in their Loves her confident :  
And in your Brother I shall think her blest.

*King.* This, Sir, unites our bloods and interest.

*Bedf.* This grant (great Prince) my happiness secures.

*King.* It makes my happiness as much as yours.

Now, *Tudor*, if our prosp'rous Stars design  
That we shall both see beauteous *Katherine*,

I will perform all that I promis'd thee :

And when thy story she has heard from me  
(In which by all her truth I'll do thee right)

We then our Supplications will unite,  
That she (our Judge) will only him prefer,

Whom she believes is least unworthy her :

Without regarding in the cause we bring

That thou my Subject art, or I thy King.

*Tudor.* In Vertue, Sir, so much you me out-shine  
That you all other Motives may decline.

*King.* Brother, 'tis fit the Duke, with you and I,  
Should on the Princess wait immediately.

*Tudor's*



*Tudor's* Brigade the Princess Guard shall be ;  
And with the Army you must follow me.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter* Queen, Princess *Katherine*, Princess *Anne*,  
Countess *La Marr*.

*Queen*. Our sins make us defenceless, and we flye  
For our protection to our Enemy.

Thy Laws, Oh Heav'n ! have I offended so  
That thou hast made my Son my greatest Foe ?  
Into the World I have the Monster brought ;  
And now no sufferings can transcend that fault.

*Prin. Kath*. Madam, you make, whilst thus you bear his crime,  
Our grief more just for you then yours for him.

*La Marr*. If he should hear you grieve in this excess,  
The triumph of his malice would increase.

*Prin. An*. My Duty has th' assault of grief withstood ;  
For since his fury shed my Fathers blood,  
That wasted time which you employ to grieve  
I, to design'd revenge, more justly give :  
Let all your sorrow in such thoughts expire.

*Queen*. Grief is the Fuel and Revenge the fire.

*Prin. An*. Think then on all the Crimes which he has done,  
And let those thoughts cancel the name of Son.

*Queen*. Since fallen so low from what is great or good  
I hate his Crimes more then I love his blood.

■

*Enter* Blamont.

*Blam*. Madam, my Duty has provok'd my speed.  
The King and Duke most strictly are agreed ;  
And both this night will wait upon you here.

*Queen*. This happy news suppresses all my fear,  
And makes me hope, assisted by their Fate,  
That I shall live to punish what I hate.

*Blam*. Those Troops, now on their March, he does design  
As Guards t' attend the Princess *Katherine* :  
And therefore would not send, but leads them here,  
That his respect and love may both appear.

*Queen*. We were, when to this Monarch we did trust,  
Kind to our selves and to his Vertue just.

*Blamont*, for his reception straight prepare  
All that can joy and our respect declare.

Daughter, you must a while retire with me ;  
I have some Words which need your privacy.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter*



*Enter Constable, and Bishop of Arras.*

*Arras.* Our Ecclesiastick States are all agreed :  
This day the *Dauphin* for his bloody deed  
Will summon'd be to answer what was done.

*Const.* I have the Peers to that conclusion won ;  
And those who represent the Commons too  
Will now not slowly yield to what we do.  
I'll lose my judgment if he dares appear.

*Arras.* He loses his, and life, in coming here ;  
This murder has incens'd them to the height.

*Const.* All hate a Prince who violates his Faith.  
The peoples temper does occasion give  
T' obey those orders we did now receive.  
I find already that the most incline  
The King should marry Princess *Katherine* ;  
And on their Issue would the Crown entail.

*Arras.* The *Dauphin's* crime will make that King prevail.

*Const.* Rather then bow beneath a Murd'ers pow'r  
Let's to the Throne advance our Conquerour :  
The Queen and Duke expect it at your hands.

*Arras.* I never durst obey unjust commands.

*Const.* Do you then think that those commands are such ?

*Arras.* If you think so, my Lord, you wrong me much.  
My judgement by a better guide was led  
When I our Annals and Records had read :  
For then I doubted that since *Charles* the Fair  
Our Kings insensibly Usurpers were.  
The Crown (if truth did dictate what I read)  
Belong'd to the Victorious *Edward's* head :  
Which no prescription from his Line should take.  
I'll therefore to this change no scruple make.  
But if the *Dauphin* were the rightful Heir  
You might of my obedience then despair ;  
For Reason's Maxim I must ever own ;  
No King can make a forfeit of his Crown.  
Much less can I admit the States Decree  
Has power to give away this Monarchie.

*Const.* My justice shall, now I am taught by you,  
Perform what I resolv'd revenge should do.

My Lord, let's go where all our Friends are met ;  
And jointly pay to Heav'n this double debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter King, Princess Katherine, Tudor.*

*King.* Madam, I have injurious been to him  
As far as ignorance could make a crime :



I did employ him in my suit to you ;  
 But knew not then, that he ador'd you too :  
 But I declare (which some amends may be)  
 That he, at least, in all things equals me  
 Unless in Title ; but 'tis greater far  
 A Crown to merit then a Crown to wear.  
 Can Title in that Ballance e're prevail  
 Where Love is Merit, and you hold the Scale ?  
 I wave whatever may your favour move  
 Except the Title of the highest Love.  
 Speak for thy self if I have lessen'd thee.

*Tudor.* Only my silence, Sir, should plead for me.

*King.* Thy love, when I employ'd thee, was unknown :  
 I minded no mans sorrows but mine own ;  
 Nor where so many shafts were shot in me  
 Could think, any before had wounded thee.

*Tudor.* All, Sir, that in my cause is said by you  
 At once is for me, and against me too.  
 Howe're, I'll rather speak then quite despair ;  
 Since she is just and you my Rival are :  
 Yet, Sir, this difference to my case is due,  
 You speak for me, but I resign for you.

*Prin. Kath.* He who resigns his Love, though for his King,  
 Does, as he is a Lover, a low thing :  
 But, as a Subject, a high Crime does do ;  
 Being at once, Subject and Rebel too :  
 For, whilst to Regal pow'r he does submit,  
 He casts off Love, a greater pow'r then it.

*Tudor.* I fear you now are glad of a pretence  
 To punish what you cannot recompence.  
 Else could you think Loves pow'r I do not know  
 Because my Love all others does out-go ?  
 If I by that seem guilty in your Eye,  
 Oh happy guilt which raises Love so high !  
 For I but shew in what I now have done,  
 That I your Int'rest prize above my own.

*Prin. Kath.* But justly I admire how you can prove  
 So true to Friendship, and so false to Love ;  
 Since in effect they both are but the same,  
 Only the Sex gives them a different name.

*Tudor.* You Friendship tax for being too sublime,  
 And make its duty, ev'n to Love a Crime.

*Prin. Kath.* Your King does give you a brave Rivals leave ;  
 But you seem loth that license to receive :  
 Of these, which for my wonder is more fit ;  
 The leave he gave, or your not using it ?

*Tudor.* The Giver may such gifts as these esteem :  
 I can, but by refusing, merit them :

And,



And, Madam, since 'tis evident that you  
 Can never pay what to us both is due,  
 Why will you call that act in me a crime  
 By which we both may justice do to him?  
 Nor blame me that my Friendship's debt I paid  
 By thus resigning what I never had.  
 Let me my death without reproaches crave.

*Prin. Kath.* At once you my disdain, and pardon have.

*Tudor.* But why should you disdain that which to you  
 Obedience shews, to him my Duty too?

*Prin. Kath.* It is a Duty he will not receive.

*Tudor.* But you, to love you, have deny'd me leave.

*Prin. Kath.* He who makes love at a true Lovers height  
 Does ne'er ask leave, but takes it as his right.

*Tudor.* Have you design'd in what you'd have me do  
 To make me lose my King and Mistress too?  
 In losing of the last I'm so accurst  
 As you'll in pity let me keep the first.

*Prin. Kath.* I'de have you, Sir, in that which I intend  
 Express that you did merit such a Friend:  
 I would have had you too, to let him see  
 That you were not unworthy to love me.  
 But, making such an ill Retreat, you seem  
 No more to merit bravely me, or him.  
 What greater thing or meaner could you do  
 Then dare at once to love and quit me too?  
 I would have had you like your self appear,  
 And not with Friendships name disguise your fear.  
 Nor tell him he to your respect does owe  
 That which alone my justice does bestow.  
 I would have had you nobly fall by it,  
 And not thus meanly, uncompell'd, submit.

*Tudor.* Madam, with you no longer I'll contend;  
 Since in the way we differ, not the end.  
 Sir, though she thinks my condemnation fit;  
 Yet, without sighs, I to her doom submit:  
 For one joys loss another joy secures:  
 What loses me her favour, merits yours.

*King.* Whilst, *Tudor*, you for me your claim deny  
 I gain the Field, and you the Victory:  
 Your's is the Nobler, mine the happier share,  
 I'm the oblig'd, but you th' obliger are.

*Prin. Kath.* In leaving me, as worthy of your Friend,  
 You to the utmost rate my worth commend.  
 Whilst with that value I to him am brought  
 You shew a Friendship worthy to be sought.  
 Be but my Friend, as you to him have been,  
 Letting out Love to keep your Friendship in,

And



And make forsaken Love contented seem,  
Then I'll your Friendship, Sir, like Love esteem.

*Enter Queen, Chareloys, Duke of Bedford, and  
Princess Anne.*

*Queen.* I'm come to tell you, Sir, that we have sign'd  
All that can *France* to your protection bind.  
The States have judg'd to banishment my Son :  
And, as we promis'd, have entayl'd the Crown.

*Charl.* And, Sir, in all their names, one from each State  
Attending both your Thrones, shall supplicate  
That they in publick their Decree may give,  
Which only from their justice you receive.

*Queen.* That publick form, Sir, may a little wait  
Till we our Nuptial Rites shall Celebrate ;  
My thoughts are fully to my Daughter known.

*King.* But from her self would I might know her own.

*Prin. Kath.* I of your Love shall too upworthy be  
When I deny that it has conquer'd me.

*King.* He who the glory has to conquer you  
Does, without War, more then the World subdue.

*Bedf.* Heav'n meant not you alone should happy be.  
Behold, Sir, what it has reserv'd for me.  
Confirm'd by her, and by her Brother too.

*Charl.* The gift is perfect when allow'd by you.

*King.* I can but add the Ceremonial part ;  
You had the substance when you had the heart.

*Prin. Ann.* I cannot add to what I gave before,  
Unless in saying I could give no more.

*Queen.* Crowds of impatient Subjects wait within  
To see the Nuptials of their King and Queen :  
The Sacred Prelate in the Temple stays,  
And longs to mingle Myrtle with your Bays.  
It were offensive to admit delay. ----

She, Sir, will follow when I lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Dauphin.*

*Dauph.* Revenge and pride my reason have betray'd ;  
And both have rul'd, what both should have obey'd.  
This Duke did with his life his sins resign,  
Which, in his blood, are written down for mine.  
Revenge ! of all thy Charms, Oh let me find  
But one t'appease the Tempest of my mind.  
Let none to the success of mischief trust ;  
I'll rather be unhappy then unjust.

*Enter*



*Enter De Chastel hastily.*

*De Chast.* You cannot your new Levies now employ  
To storm or to besiege the Queen in *Troyé*.

Sir, to prevent our courage and her fear,

The King of *England* is in person there.

The Bride's prepar'd, the King and Duke agreed ;

The trembling States have treach'rously decreed,

During your Fathers life the King shall be

Admitted to a boundless Regencie.

And, after his decease their Law declares

The Crown shall fall to *Henry* and his Heirs.

The Queen (to whom they vast Revenues give)

Will, quitting pow'r, rich and obscurely live.

*Dauph.* Can her revenge alone incline her to  
What right and nature could not make her do ?

*De Chast.* Spend not that time in blaming what she does  
Which fortune for a fair retreat allows.

The Duke of *Exeter* with all his horse

Directly to your Camp now bends his course.

Th' Alarm of such a growing force so near

Gave your new Troops a good excuse for fear.

O' retake your time before it runs too far.

Sir, 'tis a granted principle in War

That Chiefs, not strong enough t' engage in fight,

Should still retire before the Foe's in fight.

Of all Wars tasks the hardest is Retreat,

Where fear does our worst Foe, Disorder, meet.

Retire, Sir, lest men say, we proudly stay'd

Too long for those of whom we were afraid.

*Dauph.* Must the first Act which I design'd to do  
Be foild, and e're it is attempted too ?

*De Chast.* Let not one look of Fortune cast you down :  
She were not fortune if she still did frown.

Such as do braveli'est bear her scorns a while

Are those on whom, at last, she most will smile.

*Dauph.* Raise then the Camp ! Fortune, that leads the way  
Of Time's whole progress, can give us a day. [Exeunt.]

*The Curtain Falls.*

*Two Heraulds appear opposite to each other in the Balconies near the Stage.*

1. *Her. Herauld !* What summons have you to proclaim ?  
Whom would you summon now, and in whose name ?

2. All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear !

1. I am to summon those Great Nations here.

2. And I must summon them to come before

*Henry* the Fifth, both King and Conquerour.



All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear !

1. Behold your King and Queen ! behold ! and hear !  
You Prelates of the Church are summon'd all  
And every Member Ecclesiastical.

2. And every Noble too, and Commoner !

1. He that is *French*, or *English*, and not here,  
In person or in publique Deputie,  
Shall, though alive, in Law not living be.

2. *Henry* the Fifth is now to take the Crown  
Of *France*, not as if giv'n him, but his own.

1. That Crown shall still descend to all his Line  
As Heirs, or not as Heirs, of *Katherine*.

2. He that is *French*, or *English*, now attend !

1. Or else he is no *Leige-man*, nor no Friend.

*The Curtain is drawn up.*

*The Curtain being list'd up, there appear the King, Princess Katherine, Queen Mother, Princess Anne, Chareloys, and all the English, and the French Nobility and Officers of State ; and others according to their places.*

*Burg.* The Deputies, sent by the three Estates,  
Wait for admittance at your Palace Gates.

*King.* My Lord with all the publick forms of care  
Let all my Officers their way prepare.

[*All the Officers design'd for that purpose, then orderly go out.*]

If ought this day my blessings could abate  
'Tis that they are ill husbanded by Fate.  
For, Madam, I am now too happy grown  
By gaining in one day, you and a Throne.  
The first felicity I found so vast  
As takes away my relish of the last.

*Enter the Distinct Trains of the Deputies from the three Estates, the Kings Officers, and last of all the three Deputies, the Bishop of Arras for the Ecclesiasticks, the Constable for the Peers, and Monsieur Cole-more for the people.*

*Bish. of Ar.* Great King, th' Estates of *France* have sent us three  
To pay their Duties in this just Decree :  
Fixing the Crown on you, and on that Line,  
Which Heav'n, in favour, shall to both design.  
Who knows what wonders such a Line may do  
As is from Beauties drawn and Conqu'rouns too ?  
In which, Heav'n all those Princes will unite  
Who to this Empire have, or claim a right.  
We by the *Dauphin's* bloody deed did see  
That he but fallly claim'd what he would be.

For



For we admir'd one born to fill his Throne  
 Could act his crime, and then that crime could owne.

But, searching our Records, we found at last

That a long errour as a truth has past :

For he who flies, now justice does advance,

Is *Charles of Valoys*, not the Son of *France*.

From those Records the Learned clearly tell

Your Ancient Title by Queen *Isabel*;

By whom you to this Crown are lawful Heir :

New rights we grant not, but the old declare.

This just Decree, in which they pay that debt,

We humbly prostrate at your Royal Feet.

I from the Clergy come to whom is given

The lasting pow'r of Legates sent from Heav'n,

Their Pray'rs will make you conquer when you fight ;

And, in their voice, Heav'n does allow you right.

*Const.* I from the Nobles come, who still are born

To save their Monarchs, and their Courts adorn ;

And still are certain of th' incessant care

Of Pallaces and dangers of the War.

They in their Sphear should still continue bright

Since they from Kings derive their borrow'd light.

*Monks. Cole.* I from the people come, who always are

The Hands, as Nobles are the heads of War.

And when the glorious toyls of War shall cease

Their hands are no less useful, Sir, in Peace.

*B. of Ar.* And all the three do with one voice confess

They in their Duty find their happiness.

[*They give the Parchment.*]

*King.* Th' Estates I hope, my Lords, shall ne're repent

What I receive, and they have freely sent.

*English and French* now but one people are :

And both shall have my equal love and care.

But *Charles of Valoys* we shall soon destroy ;

And, by his ruine, *France* shall Peace enjoy.

Since now 'gainst so much guilt we are to fight

We may depend on Conquest as our right.

Our Swords should only Miracles produce

Now we have joyn'd the *Cross* and *Fleur de Luce*.

'Twere sin the help of Fortune to implore

To Crown that head your hands have Crown'd before.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.